

The Canterbury Poets

NEW ZEALAND VERSE.

NEW ZEALAND VERSE.
COLLECTED BY W. F.
EXANDER AND A. E. CURRIE.



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FOR
NEW ZEALAND.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE invitation to a volume of minor poetry, all written by dwellers in a little island country that has only not been forgotten by the world because it has never come much into the world's mind, is a task that would demand delicate walking. When its right to exist is called in question, a book after the fashion of Meleager must in the nature of things be itself its own justification; but some account of the circumstances in which its verses have been written may be permitted, for the sake of supplying a due background for their makers, and a right understanding of what may be expected from them.

In these islands, then, first colonized by Europeans less than seventy years ago, and with a total population numbering in 1905 only nine hundred thousand souls—no more than one of the smaller of the world's cities counts—there has existed right from the very beginning a tradition that it was a good thing to write poetry. The tradition has

grown with the years, until in a recent prize-poem competition which brought out 1084 "poems" from the English-speaking world, the quota from New Zealand was seventy-four.¹ Every year, now, one or two fresh volumes come to the birth, and promptly die of neglect on the part of the public; for, in marked contrast with the Australians, the New Zealanders, though they write poetry, do not read their own poets. Some of these volumes deserve the sudden death they suffer; others show an amount of promise which cannot be expected to find more than occasional fulfilment; a few show more than promise. It is the conviction that some of them contain verse which at least comes well up to the level of modern minor poetry that has led to the making of the present collection. It may be admitted at the outset that there is nothing very great to be disclosed herein: the poetical element that a new land contains must always at first be small and of little power. In the generation of the pioneers that is passing away literary effort was inevitably a rare thing: men's energies were set too sternly to battle with the material facts of life to leave them time for cultivating its graces. The second generation has still before it the task of establishing the nation whose foundations were set by our fathers, and we too have comparatively little time for things not practical—the columns must be

set up before we turn to moulding the entablature.

• There is a time which some of us look for, when New Zealand will be assigned a place among the nations not only on account of its exports of wool and gold, or for richness and worth in horses and footballers, but also by reason of its contributions to art and science;—when there will be more than one New Zealand scientist in the Royal Society, and more than one New Zealand poet in the anthologies; and when New Zealand books, New Zealand pictures, New Zealand statues and buildings will gain some repute and note in the civilized world." That time has not yet arrived. Nevertheless, there are first fruits ripe already, and if the sheaf we have bound is a very little one, it surely holds ears with no poor promise of good grain to come. And even the hardest-headed race of farmers and shepherds and workers in wood and metal has its dreams and its seers of visions (and even sends some of them into Parliament), and may be helped by the labour of such towards the deep-breasted fulness of mature nationality.

Of the writers in this book, with one or two exceptions, none are by profession literary people purely, for there is no literary life in the State. It is only a small percentage of any population that supports artistic effort, and in New Zealand the gross population is not large enough for this

percentage to have any apparent power: so the musician and the painter must wear out their souls, in teaching the elements of their arts, and the poets write leading articles and newspaper paragraphs. Possibly they are more in touch with their fellows for that; but, on the other hand, they must in some sense be always among aliens, to whose eyes they may be in most regards perfectly respectable citizens, yet always marred by the regrettable, foolish habit of writing verse. A poet hath no sort of honour at all in his own country.

As their professions go, perhaps the greater part are journalists, editors, reporters, free-lances: one of them rose to be a war-correspondent. These have got as near as our conditions allow to following the literary profession, but for some of them it means sore restriction from better literary work. There are also lawyers, not a few, and some of the best of the writers have been politicians—walking after Domett, who was Premier and poet and pressman, all three. It was Sir William J. Steward who, as Speaker, gave that model of Parliamentary rulings: “Parliament is an assemblage of gentlemen. The first characteristic of a gentleman is courtesy. Whatsoever, then, is discourteous is ungentlemanly, and therefore unparliamentary.” There are, inevitably, three or four Civil Servants in the list, two or three are clergymen, and the

rest are for the most part settlers, settlers' wives and sons and daughters, miners, shepherds and rabbiters, landholders large and small. It is related of one of them that in a mate's opinion "he might have been all right at his poetry and stuff, but he was a rotten new chum of a musterer." Perhaps, if we may compare small things with great, they made the same complaint about Theocritus. A fair proportion of these makers are women, as is only fitting in a land where one of the duties true chivalry owes is thought to be a lessening as far as may be of the disadvantages of sex.

✓ All the verse in this book is written by New Zealanders, but not necessarily all in New Zealand. We have not, however, felt ourselves entitled to use the later verses of Broome or Domett, who themselves acknowledged for this country what we have chosen from them, but who in leaving New Zealand practically shook off their nationality. Again, our order of reference could not be limited to natives without grievous wrong to many "pilgrims" and New Zealanders by adoption. At the same time, "verses by New Zealanders" does not include all verse written in and on New Zealand—"In the Days when the World was Wide," by Henry Lawson, for instance, is a ballad that belongs entirely to Australia—and this excuses

us also from taking heed of the patronage of the globe-trotter, the Hun by whom, for its sins, every young country is scourged.

No attempt has been made at chronological arrangement; not because there is not as much difference between some verse of 1850 and some of 1900 in New Zealand as in France, say, but because in connection with a place which is a whirlpool of active life, and yet at the same time a backwater of literary influences, dates would only mislead. Younger writers, for example, have imagined the emigrant spirit as truly as the men of the early days: the gap is not obvious, but it is forty years broad, between "The Old Year and the New" and "The Night-watch Song of the *Charlotte Jane*" on the one hand, and "Emigravit" and "For Love of Appin"—both the work of native-born women—on the other. Again, Broome, an amateur squatter, afterwards a colonial governor, was caught—only too surely—by the pre-Raphaelite mannerisms of the 'sixties; O'Regan, a lonely lad teaching school in a mining district and dying at twenty-one, a branch that might have grown full straight, felt the same wind blowing in the 'nineties.

As to the subjects treated of, the collection tries to be typical of the country only in so far as limitations of style will allow. It makes no pretence to be a guide-book in verse; a volume of

topographical or local poetry would have been compiled by entirely different canons. However much a characteristic subject may have been written of—as, for instance, the wrecks that have strewn our coasts since earlier days than the whalers', and sown the headlands thick with sad associations—if a piece of verse on it that comes up to standard has not yet appeared, the subject has perforce been ignored. The first rule of the editors has been to choose the best verse available, irrespective of subject. At the same time, where this rule would allow, those verses have been selected that would give the widest and fairest representation of the writer, and lend as much as might be some character of homogeneity to the volume as a whole. In a pioneer land, insistence on technical excellence presses with exceptional heaviness, and some verses have been admitted in spite of their formal imperfections, for the sake of a little gold in the sand.

Such considerations have joined with the element of sheer personal taste, which it has been attempted to minimize, but which cannot altogether be eliminated, in determining the character and scope of the present volume. It must be remembered that the selection cannot show the range of the different kinds of verse as written: to give an example again, there are no patriotic songs inserted, though

the patriotic song has been attempted time and again, because none has yet been produced sufficiently worthy of its subject to claim admittance. Nevertheless, it happens, that the selection epitomizes with fair precision the general range of New Zealand verse.

It is hard to say whether, there are as yet any signs of a distinctive school of New Zealand poetry. Circumstances in the State are against the development of any conspicuously united effort. As has been said, there is ~~very~~ little local reading for the local writing, and each writer is a law unto himself in the choice of models, and responds to influences flowing anywhere out of the whole corpus of Anglo-Saxon literature. Again, there are no literary coteries in New Zealand, and the geographical configuration of the country will always prevent much centralization in any division of national effort. The great weekly newspapers, which are the striking feature of New Zealand journalism, either ignore verse almost entirely, or else duly fill up half a column a week out of their eighty pages with whatever in a more or less metrical form shall come to hand, and apparently with a catholic absence of discrimination: both plans are alike detrimental to the interests of poetry. Lastly, there is no accepted leader for such a school to follow. Domett has taken rank in

the literature text-books as one of the secondary poets of the nineteenth century; but his work is too diffuse and not distinctive enough to become the ensample of a modern school of writers. No other has at once the reputation and the pre-eminence (several have one or the other only) to be an authoritative guide to the footsteps of his fellows.

There is one possible exception to the foregoing. Produced in nowise by literary or social agencies, the result of natural influences only, New Zealand landscape-writing is surely a class of poetry by itself, and if there is a "school" of poetry here it is certainly a school of landscape. Such a thing might be expected. New Zealand is perhaps unequalled among the countries of the earth for the combination in its natural scenery of variety with grandeur and beauty. There be the Sounds that rival Norway's, the Alps that are comparable with Switzerland's, a lone volcano as shapely as Fuji Yama, geysers the greatest in the world, great rivers and mighty gorges, hot lakes in the north, chains of cold lakes in the south—and over and through them all the changing glory of the Bush. There is a range of climate up from Southland, which after Tierra del Fuego is the most southerly settled country in the world, through districts of mountain and plain, sun and rain and wind, to the

subtropical forests and summer seas of Auckland, with the South Sea Islands only four days' steam away.

Nearly all the Maorilanders have put some of their efforts to painting, each in his own way and with his own limitations, a portion of the splendour that lies around them. Half this volume could have been filled with verses in praise of Maoriland, and the standard the editors set themselves not been lowered. It would, in fact, have been possible to fill the book entirely with such pieces—and in that case, it is true, some of it would have been very bad verse indeed: but it would have formed the sincerest book of verse in the "Canterbury Poets" series.

With a view to securing some balance of subjects, however, verses of scenery have often been passed over where it was possible to represent a writer otherwise without doing an injustice. But scenic poetry has not been written out in New Zealand. More compelling than the return of Spring, more instant to be praised than the beauty of women, the Bush and the hills of Maoriland are still calling their lovers to paint their colours and sing their songs. As our painters' studios brim with colours of fern and kauri, so do our poets' pages with songs of tui and makomako: and every age will welcome its own interpreters of nature, as long as the sun

' makes rainbows in the Otira Gorge and the moon rises red over the Plains.

This kind of writing, if never capable of being made into the very loftiest poetry, can yet rise to no mean heights. As far as mere word-painting goes, nothing has ever been done in Maoriland that surpasses Domett: some of his pictures of the Bush come as near to being great poetry as pure landscape can, and he is incomparably the greatest of the poets represented in the volume. He lived a strenuous life of almost thirty years in New Zealand, during which he occupied in succession most of the high administrative offices, including, in 1862-63, that of Premier. Domett had written two books of poetry before he came to New Zealand, and a third, *Flotsam and Jetsam: Rhymes Old and New*, was published several years after his leaving. But he is most a poet in the book he wrote in Maoriland—his South-Sea Day-Dream : *Ranolf and Amohia*. Through its five hundred pages, alternating with metaphysical soliloquies, Homeric conflicts, an idyll as beautiful as the second stanza of *Don Juan*, but truer, teem the most vivid descriptions of the New Zealand bush, and all the wildly beautiful scenery that lies around the hot lakes of the North Island. And every now and then one comes across such a line as "Wind-swept, a waft of sea-birds white went scattering up

the sky." The whole poem resembles a luxuriant forest, crowded with exuberant growths, vocal with the sound of bird and waterfall, and the main story meanders through it as carelessly and almost aimlessly as the two lovers thereof wander on their enchanted honeymoon. The richness and beauty of the poem were not slow to win recognition. Browning, who was the poet's lifelong friend, and who alludes to him in his own "Waring" and "The Guardian Angel," wrote of it as follows:—"I am sure it is a great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power. I rank it under nothing—taken altogether—nothing that has appeared in my day and generation for subtle yet clear writing, about subjects of all others the most urgent for expression, and the least easy in treatment." Nor was the praise of Tennyson less hearty:—"Intellectual subtlety, great power of delineating delicious scenery, imaginative fire—all these are there," he wrote. Longfellow also sent his tribute.

No other New Zealand poet approximates in greatness to Domett; but in the work of natives who have come after him there are to be found, if less fertility of imagination and power of vivid painting, a stronger passion for New Zealand, and a feeling of closer kinship with her soil. Domett writes wholly from the point of view of a naturalized,

not born New Zealander. He wrote for an oversea public, if he wrote for any, and his native flowers and birds take English names, wherever he can find an analogy. In the ardent patriotism of such verse as that of Arthur H. Adams, and in several other poems in this volume, one recognizes a more filial sound which may be expected to permeate the poetry of Maoriland in the future.

Later writers have brought new possibilities into landscape poetry, also, by introducing a personal tone. Of these none captures the very spirit and perfume of the Bush better than Mrs. James Glenny Wilson; and Hubert Church, although he deals more often with other subjects, holds a worthy place by reason of the delicacy of his treatment and the originality of his language. (More New Zealand verse is rendered impossible by its hackneyed verbiage than from any other cause.) Another development is the little dainty vignette of bush and bird which Johannes Andersen has made his own. The group of town verses—in praise of our little cities that are not large enough to be a blight nor old enough to mingle awe with the love of them—is one that might have been considerably enlarged, had space and proportion permitted. And besides these, the land itself comes by glimpses into verse which cannot strictly be called scenic-verse-up-country rhymes, songs of

the seasons, tales of the Maori,—her manā is woven into the complaints of the exiles, and in the best of it all, the national verse, the land and her people are hardly to be separated the one from the other.

From landscape to seascape is a short step: and in sea-poetry New Zealand may one day find renown. It is peopled by an island race, many of whom are never out of sight or sound of the waves; the salt winds blow all over it; “our cities face the sea”; already seafaring life is become hereditary in many families in the coastal towns; and our coasts are stern schools for fishermen. Therefore it is not a wild prediction that the sea-poems in this book are earnest, of good things to come, in deep-sea chanties and poems of old sea-knowledge and of the lives of men who serve the ocean.

When other subjects of verse than landscape are considered, the opportunities are not less, but the performance is scarcely so creditable. The national game is football, and Maoriland breeds some of the best footballers in the world—but, most football verse is journalese, and the only lines the editors have found which seem to catch “the game’s glory” are those which serve as envoy. New Zealanders are second to no nation in their love of horses; yet our best horse-poetry seems to drag when compared even with that of

Whyte-Melville, and is heavier than a Clydesdale after the galloping ballads of the Australian school. Perhaps the fact that such writing has been done so excellently well "over the other side" (of the Tasman Sea) has made it the more difficult for our men.

And though a larger proportion of the people lives outside the towns than in most countries, the group of up-country pieces which has been got together, very sweet and welcome as it seems to be, is unduly meagre. To David McKee Wright, poet, parson, journalist, ~~anthologist~~, and more, be tribute paid, however, for the heart-calling lines he has written of the stations and the back-blocks.

The life and history of the Maori, again, give a wide field for poetry, which has not been tilled with success as yet. His romance has more than the pathos and soul of the Red Indian, and his long tale of legends of peace and war, lovers and heroes, not less than his quaint and beautiful mythology, is treasure-trove that belongs to the New Zealand poet by the right of the soil. But though many writers have attempted to versify the legends, all have manifestly found them extremely difficult to deal with: the writer who can lead us into Maoridom in verse as Judge Maning leads us in prose is yet to come. Even a suitable medium has hardly been found: with blank verse the barbaric tone of

a story seems to vanish; and all the writers who have adopted the common narrative metres have been unable to dissipate a certain incongruous English atmosphere that clings to the very movement of the lines. Domett lost his legend entirely in the intricacies of his poem; Bracken's rough and frequently changing metres are convincing now and then, but the sustained effort fails. Perhaps the rugged rhythm of "The Noosing of the Sun-God" weds best of all to its subject; and next to it the styles modelled respectively ⁱⁿ the old English or Scottish folk-ballads and ^{and} the longer metres that William Morris used for his saga-poems. Yet no writer has produced hitherto a rendering of a Maori legend that is satisfactory in every respect; and though a dozen renderings have been given of the tale of Hinemoa alone—the maiden who swam across Lake Rotorua to her lover, Tutanekai, being guided by the sound of his flute, and was discovered by him in a warm pool on the beach—none of them approaches in beauty the simple Maori original, translated by Sir George Grey in his *Polynesian Mythology*: "And Hinemoa knew the voice, that the sound of it was that of the bel'-ved of her heart; and she hid herself under the overhanging rocks of the hot spring; but her hiding was hardly a real hiding, but rather a bashful concealing of herself from Tutanekai, that he might not find her at once,

but only after trouble and careful searching for her; so he went feeling about along the banks of the hot spring, searching everywhere, while she lay coyly hid under the ledges of the rock, peeping out, wondering when she would be found. At last he caught hold of a hand, and cried out, 'Hollo, who's this?' And Hinemoa answered, 'It's I, Tutanekai.' And he said, 'But who are you?—who's I?' Then she spoke louder, and said, 'It's I, 'tis Hinemoa.' And he said, 'Ho! ho! ho! Can such in very truth be the case? Let us two go then to my house.' And she answered, 'Yes'; and she rose up in the water as beautiful as the wild white hawk, and stepped upon the edge of the bath as graceful as the shy white crane; and he threw garments over her and took her, and they proceeded to his house, and reposed there; and thenceforth, according to the ancient laws of the Maori, they were man and wife."

After the verse that sounds evident that local tone has been considered, there still remains that large division which cannot be bound down to the islands of New Zealand; and here our writers, coming out of the strongholds set apart for them to occupy, must measure themselves against the poets of all time. "Little songs for little birds," and it would be unreasonable to expect from them anything very new, anything surpassingly noble, in dealing

with the eternal themes of life and love and death. But place them alongside men of their measure in other lands or ages, and they show not badly in the comparison. One or two lilts well sung, some verses in lighter vein daintily hit off, a lullaby or two with a tenderness of motherhood in the rocking of them—these are not altogether unworthy of a little additional publicity.

It would be unsafe to generalize much from these pieces ; how far New Zealand influences have worked on them is hard to say. Quite possibly, for the reason that transmigration of body is not sufficient in itself to alter a literary style, the editors may have inserted, among the verses of adopted Maorilanders, matter that was written before New Zealand came into their lives at all. At the most, one may venture to remark—provided a poet can be considered as in any wise a normal specimen—that the New Zealanders make love with much the same fervour as lovers elsewhere, are as much saddened by a luckless wooing, and rejoiced at a smile from their ladies ; that when they write religious verse, it is of varying degrees of orthodoxy, sometimes forgets its aim of instilling right doctrine and gains thereby a fine line or two ; that they can occasionally turn a blank verse line, and do not quite escape the charm of old Greek legends ; that some among

them have a mind of fancy that will be bound down to no particular time or place, or perversely imagines all that is unknown to be magnificent : in a word, that they can write with more or less felicity what we agree to call, mingling praise with blame, "minor poetry."

A volume like the present lays its compilers under all sorts of obligations. Foremost, to the contributors and their representatives who have allowed their work to be included ; to the weekly newspapers, for being good enough to give the scheme the publicity of their columns and thereby save the editors from overlooking many writers ; to the authorities of the same and other periodicals and to publishing firms in various places, who have freely given their permission to republish many pieces, as is elsewhere acknowledged : and among sundry others, to Miss A. E. Alfrey, Miss Colborne-Veel, Dr. T. M. Hocken, Mr. J. L. Kelly, Miss Jessie Mackay, Mr. Seaforth Mackenzie, and Mr. A. G. Stephens, who have taken a great deal of trouble in hunting out poets for inspection, or have given generous assistance in various other ways. Some help has been derived from the Australasian anthologies of Mr. D. B. W. Sladen.

The editors regret that they have not been able to make the collection completely typical of the country : they would not have been averse to in-

cluding verses portraying the life of the rabbitting camp and the freezing works, or exemplifying directly the results of Universal Franchise and Industrial Arbitration, had such been forthcoming. Unfortunately, Pegasus is a shy beast, and runneth apparently whithersoever he listeth. With what material was to hand, they have made the best showing they were able to make. If the work should help in any way the progress of New Zealand literature, the pleasurable toil of compilation will have had sufficient reward.

CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z., *ad*
November 1906.

NEW ZEALAND VERSE.

I.

New Zealand.

God girt her all out with the surges
And winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprouses and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap ;
He filled from the life of their motion
Her nostrils with breath of the sea,
And gave her afar in the ocean
A citadel free.

Her never the fever-mist shrouding,
Nor drought of the desert may blight,
Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
Vast cities of clamorous night,
But the voice of abundance of waters,
Cold rivers that stay not or sleep,
Greets children, the sons and the daughters
Of light and the deep.

Lo ! here where each league hath its fountains
In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
And breezes, snow-cooled on the mountains,
Or keen from the limitless brine,

TO ONE IN ENGLAND.

See men to the battlefield pressing
 To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
 Their kingship in labour expressing,
 Their lordship in toil.

Though young they are heirs of the ages,
 Though few they are freemen and peers,
 Plain workers—yet sure of the wages
 Slow Destiny pays with the years.
 Though least they and latest their nation,
 Yet this they have won without sword—
 That Woman with Man shall have station,
 And Labour be lord.

The winds of the sea and high heaven
 Speed pure to her kiss'd by the foam ;
 The steeds of her ocean undriven,
 Unbitted and riderless roam,
 And clear from her lamp newly lighted
 Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled
 A light as of wrong at length righted,
 Of hope to the world.

William Pember Reeves.

II.

To One in England.

I SEND to you
 Songs of a Southern Isle,
 Isle like a flower
 In warm seas low lying :

Songs to beguile
Some wearisome hour,
When Time's tired of flying.

Songs which were sung
To a rapt listener lying,
In sweet lazy hours,
Where wild-birds' nests swung,
And winds came a-sighing
In Nature's own bowers.

Songs which trees sung,
By summer winds swayed
Into rhy ~~hym~~ical sound ;
Sweet soul-bells rung
Through the ~~ngaio~~'s green shade,
Unto one on the ground.

Songs from an island
Just waking from sleeping
In history's morning ;
Songs from a land
Where night shadows creep
When your day is dawning.

O songs, go your way,
Over seas, over lands ;
Though friendless betimes,
Fear not, comes a day
When the world will clasp hands
With my wandering rhymes.

Eleanor Elizabeth Montgomery.

III.

The Night-watch Song of the
"Charlott^z Jane."

'Tis the first watch of the night, brothers,
And the strong wind rides the deep;
And the cold stars shining bright, brothers,
Their mystic courses keep. "
Whilst our ship her path is cleaving
The flashing waters through,
Here's a health to the land we are leaving,
And the land we are going to!

First sadly bow the head^d brothers,
In silence o'er the wine,
To the memory of the dead, brothers,
The fathers of our line.
Though their tombs may not receive us,
Far o'er the ocean-blue,
Their spirits ne'er shall leave us,
In the land we are going to.

Whilst yet sad memories move us,
A second cup we'll drain
To the manly hearts that love us
In our old homes o'er the main.
Fond arms that used to caress 's,
Sweet smiles from eyes of blue,
Lips which no more may bles^s us,
In the land we are going to,

But away with sorrow now, brothers,
Fill the wine-cup to the brim!
Here's to all who'll swear the vow, brothers,
Of this our midnight hymn:

That each man shall be a brother,
 Who has joined our gallant crew ;
 That we'll stand by one another
 In the land we are going to !

Fill again, before we part, brothers,
 Fill the deepest draught of all,
 To the loved ones of our hearts, brothers,
 Who reward and share our toil.
 From husbands and from brothers,
 All honour be their due,—
 The noble maids and mothers
 Of the land we are going to !

The wine is at an end, brothers ;
 But ere we close our eyes,
 Let a silent prayer ascend, brothers,
 For our gallant enterprise—
 Should our toil be all unblest, brothers,
 Should ill winds of fortune blow,
 May we find God's haven of rest, brothers,
 In the land we are going to.

James Edward Fitzgerald.

IV.

The Old Year and the New.

We beheld the old year dying
 In the country of our birth ;
 When the drifted snow was lying
 On the hard and frozen earth

When the love of home was round us,
 By the blazing Christmas fires ;
 And the love of country bound us
 To the hearthstones of our sires.

But our sons will see the glory
 Of the young and springing year ;
 Where the green earth tells the story
 Of a younger hemisphere.

And the eve will lose its sadness
 In the hopefulness of day,—
 In a birth so full of gladness,—
 In a death without decay.

But for us the morning's garland
^{or}
 Glistens still with evening's dew ;—
 We—the children of a far land,
 And the fathers of a new.

For we still, through old affection,
 Hear the old year's dying sigh,
 Through the sad sweet recollection
 Of the years that are gone by.

While, through all the future gleaming,
 A bright golden promise runs,
 And its happy light is streaming
 Of the greatness of our sons.

Pray we, then, whate'er b'tide them—
 Howsoever great they're grown—
 That the past of England guide them,
 While the present is their own !

Charles C. Bowen.

v.

The Empire-builder.

THE night wind moans the sorrow of the world,
 The league-far surge sobs out eternity—
 And I, who stand for conquest on a tract
 That knows no footsteps save mine own, that draw
 The silent protest from the stoic pines—
 Keep vigil at my joyous altar fire,
 And worship at the shrine of Empire's God.

The leaping gold surrounds an angel's face,
 Rose-budded in the wealth of English lanes,
 Crowned above price, and smiling as the land
 Returning thanks for riotous rains of spring.
 The image fades—and through the flame there looms
 The marble eagle-forms and tombs of those
 Who sleep beside the altar of our race,
 Bathed in the incense-music of the past
 That floats from every stone and speaking scroll.
 Humble my offering, yet I justly claim
 A brotherhood with these defiant souls,
 And share the praise that rings a shouting world.

Where be the mystic dreams I loved to dream
 Of holy priesthood in the shrine of soul,
 Of life groove-rolling to the song of Art,
 And gliding slowly to a faultless West?
 The strings are broken on the breast of song,
 The unseen page is dimmed—the golden line
 Shrinks from the strangeness of my halting lips,
 And Action triumphs—foot to neck on Art.

But mine the sacrament of taintless sky,
 The unstained landscape and the virgin wave,

Untrammelled Nature past all loveliness,
 The roofless toil that shapes the hard, clean life,
 And lighting all—clear on the snows of fate
 The perfect goal that crowns the upward way.
 The sun that flames the iron from the East
 Enshrouds at eve the crest of furrow-waves,
 The axe-song rings its triumph to the stars,
 And ceaseless toil is burnt upon my soul.
 Yet spirits whisper as the furrows heave
 Sweet promise of the end I shall not see,
 Of law-shod Empire bridging all the world,
 Stainless and just—serene as circling suns:
 An end of ends—as man has ne'er conceived
 Since God first fired ambition in his heart
 And lit his soul with flame of patriot's love.
 And every stroke that seeks the timber's heart
 Swings into place another fretted stone,
 Or shapes to loveliness some breathing curve
 Upon the braaching temple of our name.
 God-summoned to the ripening cause I stand,
 Upon the van of Empire, hand to task,
 To work the purpose of the centuries.

Alan E. Mulgan.

VI.

The Battle of the Free.

To arms! To arms!
 Hear ye not the trumpet's peal?
 Hear ye not the clash of steel,—

And the sound of gathering armies in the Island of the Sea?

Hear ye not the voice that calls them to the Battle of the Free?

'Tis the voice of England calling on the free-born and the brave

To defend the lands of Freedom from the tyrant and the slave.

This is why her maidies ride
On the gloomy northern tide;
This is why her cannons roar
On the distant Euxine shore,
And her children haste away
To mingle in the bloody fray.

No lingering or debating till the deadly fight be won.
The maiden sends her lover,—and the mother sends her son.

They are gathering, they are gathering, from the mountain and the lea,
To rally round the banner of the Island of the Free.

On England's arms are ringing
In hamlet and in hall,
And her sons, the sons of freedom,
Are coming at her call!

They are coming—they are coming—
To upraise the banner of the Island of the Sea,
And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

To arms! To arms!

What are they, those glittering hosts,
Gathering on the neighbouring coasts

That look out on the waters of the Island of the Free?
See! their Eagles are mingled with the banners of the sea,

And their joyous shout of greeting comes wafted unto thee.

England! where yon eagles glance
 Stands the chivalry of France!
 Oh, England! ne'er on battle plain
 Shalt thou meet such foes again.
 These are they who ~~o~~ft have tried
 Thy mettle in the battle's tide;
 These are they whose Eagles flew
 O'er the plain of Waterloo;
 Whose unsurrendering ~~w~~arriors fell
 To shield the chief they loved so well.

England, exult!

For thine ancient enemy is gathering unto thee,
 To fight with thy children in the Battle of the Free.

Oh, England! those whose courage
 Thy fathers oft have tried;—
 The French—thine ancient foemen,
 Will battle at thy side.

They are coming—they are coming—
 To mingle their Eagles with the banners of the sea,
 And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

To arms! To arms!
 When Barbarian Armies roll,
 Countless, from the Northern pole,
 To battle with the Eagle and the Lion of the Sea;
 When the deadly fight is raging,—the death fight that
 must be,
 Between Liberty and Servitude, ere the nations shall be
 free,—
 When the shattered failing people look with trembling
 hope to thee:
 Then, England, call thy children forth,
 From East and West, and South and North,—
 From every land of free-born men
 Where thou hast planted liberty;—

THE BATTLE OF THE FREE.

11

Oh, England ! call thy children then,
And they will gladly answer thee.
Hark ! to the shores of the Island of the Free,
Their answer cometh floating o'er the voiceful sea !
England, exult !
For thy numberless sons are gathering unto thee.
Oh, England ! bear thee proudly
In the direst need of war !
Thy sons,—the sons of Freedom,—
Are sailing from afar.
They are coming—they are coming—
To carry the banners of the Island of the Sea,
And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

To arms ! To arms !
Echoes from the Western glades,—
Echoes from the forest shades
Are flinging back their answer to the Island of the Sea,
Where her children are arming for the Battle of the Free.
They have heard the din of battle that comes wasted
on the breeze,
In the sighing and the moaning of the tall dark forest
trees ;
And their souls are stirred within them, and their homes
have lost their charms,
When the Fatherland is calling all its chivalry to arms.
To arms ! To arms ! the axe is ringing
In the dark primeval wood,
And a new-born forest springing
On St. Lawrence's kingly flood.
noble foliage on its boughs the parent forest bore,
Whence yon tapering mast was taken on the green
Canadian shore ;
But it bears a nobler burden now, as yon navy sweeps
to sea,—
For it bears the cross of England—the banner of the Free !

Oh, England, send thy navies—
 Send them fearless to the war,
 For thy sons,—the gallant sailors,
 Are coming from afar.

They are coming—they are coming—
 To guard the waters of the Island of the Sea,
 And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

To arms! To arms!
 Hark! what tramping hoofs resound
 On the glassy slopes around
 The many-masted seaports of the Island of the Free.
 What is this gathering of horses that I see?
 Those riderless horses from the park and from the lea?
 England, exult!
 For their horseless riders are coming o'er the sea.
 In their wild far-distant home
 They have heard thy call and come,
 With red spurs and loosened reins,
 Sweeping o'er Australia's plains.
 They have left their recking steeds on the wide Pacific's
 shore,
 Whose wild waves rolling surdly the sounds of battle
 bore,
 The drum-beat, and the shouting, and the cannon's
 angry roar;
 And ever through their music the gallant tidings ran
 Of the rugged heights of Alma and the glens of Inkermann.
 Oh, England, land of horsemen!
 Bring thy noblest steeds of war
 For thy sons, the gallant sailors,
 Who are sailing from afar.
 They are coming—they are coming—
 To bestride the horses of the Island of the Sea,
 And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

To arms! To arms!
 When the battle rages fierce,
 And the deadly volleys pierce
 The small outnumbered army of the Island of the
 Free;—
 When her dauntless hearts have chosen either death or
 victory;—
 Where her warriors are fighting, as the bravest only dare,
 For the birthplaces of freedom and the liberties of
 man;—
 Then New Zealand shall be there,
 In the van.
 Young New Zealand shall be there,—
 Her rifles from the mountain and her horsemen from the
 plain
 When the foeman's ranks are reeling o'er the slain.
 Few in number—stout of heart—
 They will come to take their part
 In the dangers and the glories of the brave,
 To share in their triumph or their blood-stained grave.
 England, exult!
 For thy numberless sons are coming o'er the sea,
 To rally round the banner of the Island of the Free.
 Oh, England! bear thee proudly
 In the dire need of war;
 For thy sons,—the sons of Freedom,
 Are sailing from afar.
 They are coming—they are coming—
 To surround the banner of the Island of the Sea,
 And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

Charles C. Bowen.

VII.

Emigravit.

MOUNTAIN lilies shine
 Far up against the snow,
 And the ratas twine
 On wooded slopes below.
 Rata and clematis
 Sweet as bush may hold ;
 While honey-loving wild birds kiss
 The kowhai's cups of gold.
 Dear and fair shall all of these
 Henceforth to children be :
 But ah ! my childhood's flowers
 Are far away from me.

In an English lane,
 Where the primrose patches blow,
 And the sweet spring rain
 Hangs jewels high and low.

Homely flowers set
 Where our farmsteads rise,
 Make an England yet
 Under sunny southern skies.
 Lilac scent is blown
 With wattle on the breeze ;
 September bids the leaves grow broad
 On happy English trees
 And apple-orchards smile again
 In sweet, familiar show—
 But in my heart is mourning
 For the scenes of long ago.

When the reeds grew high,
And the cowslips in the grass;
And my young love and I
Saw the springtime pass.

Homely blossoms grow
In our graveyard near the sea,
Where my love lies low,
With a place beside for me.
Pansy blooms and pinks;
The columbine's quaint bell;
Rosemary for remembrance
(Pray, love, remember well!);
But ah! my happy ghost must walk,
If happy ghosts may be,
In an English lane or meadow
With wild flowers glowing free.

In an English lane,
Where the primrose patches blow,
And the sweet spring rain
Hangs jewels high and low.

Mary Colhorne - Veel.

VIII.

The First News frae Auld Scotland.

Hame letters! I doubt there'll be nane for me;
This lang time past they hac been gey few;
Nae monie are left sud muckle care
To write the feckless auld man noo.

16 THE FIRST NEWS FRAE AULD SCOTLAND.

Thar's monie a change gane owre my head,
That is unco careworn noo, and grey;
An' monie a change owre the guid auld hame,
Sin' sae weary I watch'd, the leelang day,
For the first news frae Auld Scotland.

We were first to hae trod on these alien shores;
An' the hame-scenes cam' freshly in ilka e'e,
Where we wandered sae ast wi' the dear anes gane,
An' the blue heather-bells bloom'd bonnilie;
Ilk heart was fu' o' the auld lang syne,
An' the hearty cheerin' went brawly roun',
As we watched the vessel outowre the sea—
Tho' but unco slowly—come sailing down
Wi' the first news frae Auld Scotland.

I mind as weel's it were but noo,
How I graspit ilk hand as it were my fier's;
For it seem'd to me they had come straight out
Frae those I had left on the Greenock piers:
But wha, of a' that I kenn'd sae weel,
Will gie a thought to the auld man noo?
For monie are dead, and mair are chang'd,
Sin' I welcom'd sae leal the lang-sought crew,
Wi' the first news frae Auld Scotland.

I hae made me a hame i' the stranger lan';
I hae gathered roun' me hearts couthie and true;
And Otago's bonnie banks and braes
Hae heartfelt ties to bind me to;oo;
Yet weel I ken they maun haud for me,
Nae memories sae leesome as cam' to me then,
Owre the braid, braid seas frae my native land,
As I heard frae the lips o' my countrymen
The first news frae Auld Scotland.

Catherine H. Richardson.

IX.

For Love of Appin.

THE hand is to the plough an' the e'e is to the trail;
 The river-boatie dances wi' her heid to the gale;
 But she'll never ride to Appin;
 We'll see naemair o' Appin;
 For ye ken we crobned "Lochaber" at the saut sea's gate.
 It's a land of giantrie;
 Its lochs are like the sea.
 But it's no a desert fairly,
 The corn's fu' an' early;
 Ye'll hear the laddies dafting;
 Ye'll hear the lasses laughing;
 But we—we canna tine
 What lies ayont the brine:
 When we sang "Lochaber" then,
 We were grey, grey men.
 We'll smile nae maif for ever
 By the prairie or the river,
 Lest ony think perchance that we forgot
 The rainy road to Appin,—
 East awa' to Appin,—
 The rainy road to Appin that the leal men went.
 They tore us out o' Scotland, they flang us in the west
 Like a bairn's thread o' beads, an' we downa look for rest.
 But it's O to lie in Appin,—
 I' the haly sod o' Appin,—
 It's O to lie in Appin where the mist haps a'!
 Cauld is this to live or die on,
 But we brought the tents o' Zion;
 An' weel the mark is seen
 Where the martyr-blood hath been

FOR LOVE OF APPIN.

That will clear us to the Lord
 When the Angel wi' the sword
 Gangs nightly up the land
 O' an Egypt that is banned.
 But God do sae an' mair
 To us, gin we cast a care,
 Or smile again for ever
 By the prairie or the river,
 Lest ony think perchance that we forgot
 The red road to Appin,—
 East awa' to Appin,—
 The red road to Appin that the heart's blood tracked!

It's no a desert fairly, it's grand an' young an' fine:
 Here the sons o' Anak might live an' press the wine:
 But it's O for hame an' Appin!—
 The heather hills o' Appin!—
 The thousand years o' Appin where the leal men lie!
 Our face is set as stane,
 But we'll thank the Lord again,—
 Gang saftly a' our days;
 An' wark shall be our praise.
 The bairns will tak' a root
 By the mighty mountain ioot;
 But we, we canna sever;
 It's no for us whatever;
 We hear nae earthly singing
 But it sets "Lochabœ" ringing.
 An' we'll never smile again
 I' the sunlight or the rain
 Till our feet are on the lang last sail,—
 The siller road to Appin,—
 East awa' to Appin,—
 The siller road to Appin rinnin' a' the way to God!

Jessie Mackay.

X.

The Dwellings of our Dead.*

THEY lie unwatched, in waste and vacant places,
 In sombre bush or wind-swept tussock spaces,
 Where seldom human tread
 And never human trace is—
 The dwellings of our dead !

No insolence of stone is o'er them builded ;
 By mockery of monuments unshielded,
 Far on the unfenced plain
 Forgotten graves have yielded
 Earth to free earth again.

Above their crypts no air with incense reeling,
 No chant of choir or sob of organ pealing ;
 But ever over them
 The evening breezes kneeling .
 Whisper a requiem.

For some the margeless plain where no one passes,
 Save when at morning far in misty masses
 The drifting flock appears.
 Lo, here the greener grasses
 Glint like a stain of tears !

For some the quiet bush, shade-strewn and saddened,
 Whereo'er the herald tui, morning-gladdened,
 Lone on his chosen tree,
 With his new rapture maddened,
 Shouts incoherently.

* From *Maoriland, and other Verses*, by permission of the *Bulletin* Newspaper Company, Limited.

For some the gully, where in whispers tender,
 The flax-blades mourn and murmur, and the slender
 White ranks of *toi* go,
 With drooping plumes of splendour,
 In pageantry of woe.

For some the common trench where, not all fameless,
 They fighting fell who thought to tame the tameless,
 And won their barren crown;
 Where one grave holds them nameless—
 Brave white and braver brown.

But in their sleep, like troubled children turning,
 A dream of mother-country in them burning,
 They whisper their despair,
 And one vague, voiceless yearning
 Burdens the pausing air

*“ Unchanging here the drab year onward presses;
 No Spring comes trysting here with new-loosed tresses,
 And never may the years
 Win Autumn’s sweet caresses—
 Her leaves that fall like tears.*

*“ And we would lie ’neath old-remembered beeches,
 Where we could hear the voice of him who preaches
 And the deep organ’s call,
 While close about us reaches
 The cool, grey, lichenized wall.”*

But they are ours, and jealousy we hold them;
 Within our children’s ranks we have enrolled them,
 And till all Time shall cease
 Our brooding bush shall fold them
 In her broad-bosomed peace.

They came as lovers come, all else forsaking,
 The bonds of home and kindred proudly breaking ;
 They lie in splendour lone—
 The nation of their making,
 Their everlasting throne !

Arthur H. Adams.

XI.

In Exile.

THE sea is a lonely thing
 Dwelling apart.
 Lonely are you and I,
 Heart of my heart. *

Lonely the mountain-top
 Stands in the sky.
 Sundered as speak and sea
 Are you and I.

The mountains cannot move,
 The sea must stay.
 Ruled is the world. We, too,
 We must obey.

II.

The steady stars of Heaven
 Look down into the brook ;
 Up from the brook to Heaven
 The stars as steady look.

A COLONIST IN HIS GARDEN.

Amid the vale, the waters
 Undeviating flow.
 Past root and rock and forest
 They go as they should go.

What keeps the brook so certain,
 What rhymes the stars so true,
 Hath sure some perfect reason
 For parting me and you!"

B. E. Baughan.

XII.

A Colonist in his Garden.

He reads a letter.

"DIM grows your face, and in my ears,
 Filled with the tramp of hurrying years,
 Your voice dies, far apart.
 Our shortening day draws in, alack !
 Old friend, ere darkness falls, turn back
 To England, life and art.

"Write not that you content can be, .
 Pent by that drear and shipless sea
 Round lonely islands rolled :
 Isles nigh as empty as the deep,
 Where men but talk of gold and sheep
 And think of sheep and gold.

A land without a past; a race
 Set in the rut of commonplace;
 Where Demos overfed
 Allows no gulf, permits no height,
 And grace and colour, music, light,
 From sturdy scorn are fled.

“ I’ll draw you home. Lo ! as I write
 A flash—a swallow’s arrow-flight !
 O'erhead the skylark’s wings
 Quiver with joy at winter’s rout :
 A gust of April from without
 Scents of the garden brings.

“ The quickening turf is starred with gold;
 The orchard wall, russet red and old,
 Glows in the sunlight long.
 The very yew-tree warms to-day,
 As the sun-dial, mossed and grey,
 Marks with a shadow strong.

“ Tired of the bold, aggressive New,
 Say, will your eyes not joy to view,
 In a sedate clime,
 How mellowing tones at leisure steal,
 And age hath virtue scars to heal,
 And beauty weds grey Time?”

• *He speaks.*

Good wizard ! Thus he weaves his spell.
 Yet, charm he twenty times as well,
 Me shall he never spur,
 To seek again the old, green land,
 That seems from far to stretch a hand
 To sons who dream of her.

For is my England there? Ah, no.
 Gone is my England, long ago,
 Leaving me tender joys,
 Sweet, fragrant, happy-breathing names
 Of wrinkled men and grey-haired dames,
 To me still girls and boys.

With these in youth let memory stray
 In pleasure green, where stern to-day
 Works Fancy no mischance.
 Dear pleasure—let no light invade
 Revealing ravage Time hath made
 Amid thy dim romance!

Here am I rooted. Firm and fast
 We men take root who face the blast,
 When, to the desert come,
 We stand where none before have stood
 And braving tempest, drought and flood,
 Fight Nature for a home.

Now, when the fight is o'er, what man,
 What wrestler, who in manhood's span
 Hath won so stern a fall,
 Who, matched against the desert's power,
 Hath made the wilderness to flower,
 Can turn, forsaking all?

Yet that my heart to England cleaves
 This garden tells with blooms and leaves
 In old familiar throng,
 And smells, sweet English every one,
 And English turf to tread upon,
 And English blackbird's song.

“No art?” Who serve an art more great
 Than we, rough architects of State
 With the old Earth at strife?
 “No colour?” On the silent waste,
 In pigments not to be elaced,
 We paint the hues of life.

“A land without a past?” Nay, nay.
 I saw it, forty years this day.
 —Nor man, nor beast, nor tree:
 Wide, empty plains where shadows pass
 Blown by the wind o'er whispering grass
 Whose sigh crept after me.

Now when at midnight round my doors
 The gale through sheltering branches roars,
 What is it to the might
 Of the mad gorge-wind that o'erthrew
 My camp—the first I pitched—and blew
 Our tents into the night?

Mine is the vista where the blue
 And white-capped mountains close the view.
 Each tapering cypress there
 At planting in these hands was borne,
 Small, shivering seedlings and forlorn,
 When all the plain was bare!

Skies without music, mute through time,
 Now hear the skylark's rippling climb
 Challenge their lostier dome.
 And hark! a song of gardens floats,
 Rills, gushes clear,—the self-same notes
 Your thrushes flute at Home.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

See, I have poured o'er plain and hill
 Gold open-handed, wealth that will
 Win children's children's smiles,
 —Autumnal glories, glowing leaves,
 And aureate flowers, and warmth of sheaves,
 'Mid weary pastoral miles.

Yonder my poplars, burning gold,
 Flare in tall rows of torches bold,
 Spire beyond kindling spire.
 Then raining gold round silver stem
 Soft birches gleam. Outflaming them
 My oaks take ruddier fire.

And with my flowers, about her spread
 (None brighter than her shining head),
 The lady of my close,
 My daughter, wa'ks in girlhood fair.
 Friend, could I rear in England's air
 A sweeter English rose?

William Pember Reeves.

XIII.

A Leave-taking.

THE seamen shout once and together,
 The anchor breaks up from the ground,
 And the ship's head swings to the weather,
 To the wind and the sea swings round:

With a clamour the great sail steadies,
 In extreme of a storm scarce furled;
 Already a short wake eddies,
 And a furrow is cle^{sh} and curled
 To the right and left.

'About me, light-hearted or aching,
 "Good-bye!" cry they all, taking hand—
 What hand do I find worth taking?
 What face as the face of the land?
 I will utter a farewell greater
 Than any of friends in ships—
 I will leave on the forehead of Nature
 The seal of a kiss—let the lips
 Of a song do this.

We part from the earth, from our mother,
 Her bosom of milk and of sleep,
 We deliver our lives to another,
 To cast them away or to keep.
 Many-mooded and merciless daughter,
 Uncertain, strange, dangerous sea,
 O tender and turbulent water!
 Make gentle thy strength, for in thee
 We put trust for a length.

Float out from the harbour and highland
 That hides all the region I know,
 Let me look a last time on the island
 Well seen from the sea to the snow.
 The lines of the ranges I follow,
 I travel thy hills with my eyes,
 For I know where they make a deep hollow,
 A valley of grass and the rise
 Of streams clearer than glass.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

O what am I leaving behind me?
 No sorrow with tears for its debt—
 No face that shall follow and find me—
 No friend to recall and regret—
 Thought shall raise up the ghosts of some faces
 But not of the faces of men.
 A voice out of fair forest places
 Shall haunt me and call me, as when
 I dwelt by them all. *

Now my days leave the soft silent byway,
 And clothed in a various sort,
 In iron or gold, on the highway
 New feet shall succeed, or stop short:
 Shod hard these may be, or made splendid,
 Fair and many, or evil and few,
 But the going of bare feet has ended,
 Of naked feet set in the new
 Meadow grass sweet and wet.

I will long for the ways of soft walking,
 Grown tired of the dust and the glare,
 And mute in the midst of much talking,
 Will pine for the silences rare;
 Streets of peril and speech full of malice
 Will recall me the pastures and peace
 Which gardened and guarded those valleys
 With grasses as high as the knees,
 Calm as high as the sky.

As the soul, were the body marble regal,
 With pinions completed and light,
 Majestic and swift as yon seagull,
 Even now would I take a quick flight,

And my spirit of singing deliver
 In the old hidden birthplace of song,
 Sitting fast by the rapid young river
 With trees overarched, by no strong
 Sun or moon ever parched.

A singing place fitter than vessel
 Cold winds draw away to the sea,
 Where many birds flutter and nestle
 And come near and wonder at me,
 Where the bell-bird sets solitudes ringing:
 Many times I have heard and thrown down
 My lyre in despair of all singing;
 For things lovely what word is a crown
 Like the song of a bird?

That haunt is too far for me wingless,
 And the hills of it sink out of sight,
 Yet my thought were but broken and stringless,
 And the daylight of song were but night,
 If I could not at will a winged dream let
 Lift me and take me and set
 Me again by the trees and the streamlet;
 These leagues make a wide water, yet
 The whole world shall not hide.

For the island secure in my spirit
 At ease on its own ocean rides,
 And Memory, a ship sailing near it,
 Shall float in with favouring tides,
 Shall enter the harbours and land me
 To visit the gorges and heights
 Whose aspect seemed once to command me,
 As queens by their charms command knights
 To achievements of arms.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

And I will catch sight of their faces;
 Through the dust of the lists and the din,
 In the sword-lit and perilous places—
 Yea, whether I lose or I win,
 I will look to them, all being over,
 Triumphant or trampled beneath,
 I will turn to the isle like a lover,
 To her evergreen brakes for a wreath,
 For a tear to her lakes.

The last of her now is a brightening
 Far fire in the forested hills,
 The breeze as the night nears is heightening,
 The cordage draws tighter and thrills,
 Like a horse that is spurred by the rider,
 The great vessel quivers and quails,
 And passes the billows beside her,
 The fair wind is strong in her sails,
 She is lifted along.

When the zone and the latitude changes
 A welcome of white cliffs shall be,
 I shall cease to be sad for white ranges
 Now lost in the night and the sea:—
 But dipped deep in their clear flowing rivers
 As a chalice my spirit shall weigh
 With fair water that flickers and shivers,
 Held up to the strong, steady ray,
 To the sunlight of song.

Frederick Napier Broome.

XIV.

Written in Australia.

THE wide sun stares without a cloud:
 Whipped by his glances truculent,
 The earth lies quivering and cowed!
 My heart is hot with discontent—
 I hate this haggard continent.

*But over the loping leagues of sea
 A lone land calls to her children fice;
 My own land holding her arms to me
 Over the loping leagues of sea.*

The old grey city is dumb with heat;
 No breeze comes leaping, naked, rude,
 Adown the narrow, high-walled street;
 Upon the night thick perfumes brood:
 The evening oozes lassitude.

But o'er the edges of my town,
 Swept in a tide that ne'er abates,
 The riotous breezes tumble down;
 My heart looks home, looks home, where waits
 The Windy City of the Straits!

The land lies desolate and stripped;
 Across its waste has thinly strayed
 A tattered host of eucalypt,
 From whose gaunt uniform is made
 A ragged penury of shade.

WRITTEN IN AUSTRALIA.

But o'er my isles the forest drew
 A mantle thick—save where a peak
 Shows his grim teeth a-snarl—and through
 The filtered coolness creek and creek
 Tangled in ferns, in whispers speak.

And there the placid great lakes are,
 And brimming rivers proudly force
 Their ice-cold tides. Here, like a scar,
 Dry-lipped, a withered water-course
 Crawls from a long-forgotten source.

My glance, home-gazing, scarce discerns
 This listless girl, in whose dark hair
 A starry-red hibiscus burns ;
 Her pallid cheek: are like a pair
 Of nuns—they are so fragile-fair ;

And like a sin her warm lips flame
 In her wan face; swift passions brim
 In her brown eyes, and ebb with shame;
 Her form is sinuous and slim—
 That lyric line of breast and limb !

But one there waits whose brown face glows,
 Whose cheeks with Winter's kisses smart—
 The flushing petals of a rose !
 Of earth and sun she is a part ;
 Her brow is Greek and Greek her heart.

At love she laughs a faint disdain ;
 Her heart no weakly one to charm ;
 Robust and fragrant as the pine,
 The dark bush soothed her with his balm,
 The mountains gave her of their calm.

Her fresh young figure, lithe and tall,
 Her twilight eyes, her brow benign,
 She is the peerless queen of all—
 The maid, the country, that I shrine
 In this far banished heart of mine!

*But over the loping leagues of green
 A lone land waits with a hope serene—
 My own land calls like a prisoner queen—
 But oh! the long loping leagues between!*

Arthur H. Adams.

XV.

In London.

WHEN I look out on London's teeming streets,
 On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
 My courage fails me, and my heart grows sick,
 And I remember that fair heritage
 Barter'd by me for what your London gives.
 This is not Nature's city: I am kin
 To whatsoever is of free and wild,
 And here I pine between these narrow walls,
 And London's smoke hides all the stars from me,
 Light from mine eyes, and Heaven from my heart.

For in an island of those Southern seas
 That lie behind me, guided by the Cross
 That looks all night from out our splendid skies,
 I know a valley opening to the East.

There, hour by hour, the lazy tide creeps in
 Upon the sands I shall not pace again—
 Save in a dream,—and, hour by hour, the tide
 Creeps lazily out, and I behold it not,
 Nor the young moon slow sinking to her rest
 Behind the hills; nor yet the dead white trees
 Glimmering in the starlight: they are ghosts
 Of what has been, and shall be never more.
 No, never more!

Nor shall I hear again
 The wind that rises at the dead of night
 Suddenly, and sweeps inward from the sea,
 Rustling the tussock, nor the wekas' wail
 Echoing at evening from the tawny hills.

In that deserted garden that I lov'd,
 Day after day, my flowers drop unseen;
 And as your Summer slips away in tears,
 Spring wakes our lovely Lady of the Bush,
 The Kowhai, and she hastens to wrap herself
 All in a mantle wrought of living gold;
 Then come the birds, who are her worshippers,
 To hover round her: tuis swift of wing,
 And bell-birds flashing sudden in the sun,
 Carolling: ah! what English nightingale,
 Heard in the stillness of a summer eve,
 From out the shadow of historic elms,
 Sings sweeter than our Bell-bird of the Bush?
 And Spring is here: now the Veronica,
 Our Koromiko, whitens on the cliff,
 The honey-sweet Manuka buds, and bursts
 In bloom, and the divine Convolvulus,
 Most fair and frail of all our forest flowers,
 Stars every covert, running riotous.
 O quiet valley, opening to the East,

How far from this thy peacefulness am I!
 Ah me, how far! and far this stream of Life
 From thy clear creek fast falling to the sea!

Yet let me not lament that these things are
 In that lov'd country I shall see no more;
 All that has been is mine inviolate,
 Lock'd in the secret book of memory.
 And though I change, my valley knows no change.
 And when I look on London's teeming streets,
 On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
 When speech seems but the babble of a crowd,
 And music fails me, and my lamp of life
 Burns low, and Art, my mistress, turns from me,—
 Then do I pass beyond the Gate of Dreams
 Into my kingdom, walking unconstrained
 By ways familiar under Southern skies;
 Nor unaccompanied; the dear dumb things
 I lov'd once, have their immortality.
 There too is all fulfilment of desire:
 In this the valley of my Paradise
 I find again lost ideals, dreams too fair
 For lasting; there I meet once more mine own
 Whom Death has stolen, or Life estranged from me;
 And thither, with the coming of the dark,
 Thou comest, and the night is full of stars.

Dora Wilcox.

XVI.

From "Ranolf and Amohia."

IT was a wondrous realm beguiled
Our youth amid its charms to roam ;
O'er scenes more fair, serenely wild,
Not often summer's glory smiled ;
When flecks of cloud, transparent, bright,
No alabaster half so white—
Hung lightly in a luminous dome
Of sapphire—seemed to float and sleep
Far in the front of its blue steep ;
And almost awful, none the less
For its liquecent loveliness,
Behind them sunk—just o'er the hill
The deep abyss, profound and still—
The so immediate Infinite ;
That yet emerged, the same, it seemed
In hue divine and melting balm,
In many a lake whose crystal calm
Uncrisped, unwrinkled, scarcely gleamed ;
Where sky above and lake below
Would like one sphere of azure show,
Save for the circling belt alone,
The softly-painted purple zone
Of mountains—bathed where nearer seen
In sunny tints of sober green,
With velvet dark of woods between,
All glossy glooms and shifting sheen ;
While here and there, some peak of snow
Would o'er their tenderer violet lean.

And yet within this region, fair
With wealth of waving woods—these glades

And glens and lustre-smitten shades,
Where trees of tropic beauty rare
With graceful spread and ample swell
Uprose—and that strange asphodel
On tufts of stiff green bayonet-blades,
Great bunches of white bloom upbore,
Like blocks of seawashed madrepore,
That steeped the noon in fragrance wide,
Till by the exceeding sweet opprest
The stately tree-fern leaned aside
For languor, with its starry crown
Of radiating fretted fans,
And proudly-springing beauteous crest
Of shoots all brown with glistening down,
Curved like the lyre-bird's tail half-spread,
Or necks opposed of wrangling swans,
Red bill to bill—black breast to breast,
Ay! in this realm of seeming rest,
What sights you meet and sounds of dread!
Calcareous caldrons, deep and large
With geysers hissing to their marge;
Sulphureous fumes that spout and blow;
Columns and cones of boiling snow;
And sable lazy bubbling pools
Of sputtering mud that never cools;
With jets of steam through narrow vents
Uproaring, maddening to the sky,
Like cannon-mouths that shoot on high
In unremitting bud discharge
Their inexhaustible contents;
While oft beneath the trembling ground
Rumbles a drear persistent sound
Like ponderous engines infinite, working
At some tremendous task below!—
Such are the signs and symptoms—lurking
Or launching forth in dread display—

Of hidden fires, internal strife,
 Amid that leafy, lush array
 Of rank luxuriant verdurous life :
 Glad haunts above where blissful love
 Might revel, rove, & raptured dwell ;
 But through them pierce such tokens fierce
 Of rage beneath and frenzies fell ;
 As if, to quench and stifle it,
 Green Paradise were flung o'er Hell—
 Flung fresh with all her bowers close-knit,
 Her dewy vales and dimpled streams ;
 Yet could not so its fury quell
 But that the old red realm accurst
 Would still recalcitrant, rebel,
 Still struggle upward and outburst
 In scalding fumes, sulphureous steams.
 It struck you as you paused to trace
 The sunny scenery's strange extremes,
 As if in some divinest face,
 All heavenly smiles, angelic grace,
 Your eye at times discerned, despite
 Sweet looks with innocence elate,
 Some wan wild spasm of blank affright,
 Or demon scowl of pent-up hate ;
 Or some convulsive writhe contest,
 For all that bloom of beauty bright,
 An anguish not to be represt.
 You look—a moment bask in, bless
 Its laughing light of happiness ;
 But look again—what startling throes
 And fiery pangs of fierce distress
 The lovely lineaments disclose—
 How o'er the fascinating features flit
 The genuine passions of the nether pit !

Alfred Domell.

XVII.

A Spring Afternoon in New Zealand.

We rode in the shadowy place of pines,
The wind went whispering here and there
Like whispers in a house of prayer.
The sunshine stole in narrow lines,
And sweet was the resinous atmosphere,
The shrill cicada, far and near,
Piped on his high exultant third.
Summer ! Summer ! he seems to say—
Summer ! He knows no other word,
But trills on it the live-long day ;
The little hawker of the green,
Who calls his wares through' all the solemn forest
scene.

A shadowy land of deep repose !
Here when the loud nor'wester blows,
How sweet, to sooth the a trivial care,
The pine-trees' ever-murmured prayer !
To shake the scented powder down
From stooping boughs that bar the way,
And see the vistas, golden brown,
Touch the blue heaven far away.
But on and upward still we ride
Whither the furze, an outlaw bold,
Scatters along the bare hillside
Handfuls of free, uncounted gold,
And breaths of sultry, wild perfume,
Salute us from the flowering broom.

46 A SPRING AFTERNOON IN NEW ZEALAND.

I love this narrow, sandy road,
That idly gads o'er hill and vale,
Twisting where once a rivulet flowed,
With as many turns as a gossip's tale.
I love this shaky, creaking bridge,
And the willow leaning from the ridge,
Shaped like some green fountain playing,
And the twinkling windows of the farm,
Just where the woodland throws an arm
To hear what the merry stream is saying.

Stop the horses for a moment, high upon the breezy
stair,
Looking over plain and upland, and the depth of summer
air,
Watch the cloud and shadow sailing o'er the forest's
sombre breast;
Misty capes and snow-cliffs glimmer on the ranges to the
west.
Hear the distant thunder rolling; surely 'tis the making
tide,
Swinging all the blue Pacific on the harbour's iron
side. . . .
Now the day grows grey and chill, but see on yonder
wooded fold,
Between the clouds a ray of sunshine slips, and writes a
word in gold.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

XVIII.

The Pink and White Terraces.

FROM the low sky-line of the hilly range
 Before them, sweeping down its dark-green face
 Into the lake that slumbered at its base,
 A mighty Cataract—so it seemed—
 Over a hundred steps of marble streamed
 And gushed, or fell in dripping overflow—
 Flat steps, in flights half-circled—row o'er row,
 Irregularly mingling side by side ;
 They and the torrent-curtain wide,
 All rosy-hued, it seemed, with sunset's glow.—
 —But what is this!—no roar, no sound
 Disturbs that torrent's hush profound !
 The wanderers near and nearer come—
 Still is the mighty Cataract dumb !
 A thousand fairy lights may shimmer
 With tender sheen, with glossy glimmer,
 O'er curve advanced and salient edge
 Of many a luminous water-ledge ;
 A thousand slanting shadows pale
 May fling their thin transparent veil
 O'er deep recess and shadowy dent
 In many a watery stair's descent :
 Yet, mellow-bright, or mildly dim,
 Both lights and shades—both dent and rim—
 Each wavy streak, each warm snow-tress—
 Stand rigid, mute and motionless !
 No faintest murmur—not a sound—
 Relieves that Cataract's hush profound ;
 No tiniest bubble, not a flake
 Of floating foam is seen to break
 The smoothness where it meets the Lake :

Along that shining surface move,
No ripples; not the slightest swell
Rolls o'er the mirror darkly green,
Where, every feature limned so well—
Pale, silent and ~~seen~~ as death—
The cataract's image hangs beneath
The cataract—but not more serene,
More phantom-silent than is seen
The white rose-hued reality above.

They paddle past—for on the right
Another Cataract comes in sight;
Another broader, grander flight
Of steps—all stainless, snowy-bright!
They land—their curious way they track
Near thickets made by contrast black;
And then that wonder seems to be
A Cataract carved in Parian stone,
Or any purer substance known—
Agate or milk-chalcedony!
Its showering snow-cascades appear
Long ranges bright of stalactite,
And sparry frets and fringes white,
Thick-falling, plenteous, tier o'er tier;
Its crowding stairs, in bold ascent
Piled up that silvery-glimmering height,
Are layers, they know—accretions slow
Of hard silicious sediment:
For as they gain a rugged road,
And cautious climb the solid rime,
Each step becomes a terrace broad—
Each terrace a wide basin brimmed
With water, brilliant, yet in hue
The tenderest, delicate harebell-blue
Deepening to violet! Slowly climb
The twain, and turn from time to time

- To mark the hundred baths in view—
 Crystalline azure, snowy-rimmed—
 The marge of every beauteous pond
 Curve after curve—each lower beyond
 The higher—outsweeping white and wide,
 Like snowy lines of foam that glide
 O'er level sea sands lightly skimmed
 By thin sheets of the glistening tide.
 They climb those milk-white flats incrusted
 And netted o'er with wavy ropes
 Of wrinkled silica. At last—
 Each basin's heat increasing fast—
 The topmost step the pair surmount,
 And lo, the cause of all ! Around,
 The circling cliffs a crater bound—
 Cliffs damp with dark-green moss—their slopes
 All crimson-stained with blots and streaks—
 White-mottled and vermillion-rusted ;
 And in the midst, beneath a cloud
 That ever upward rolls and reeks
 And hides the sky with its dim shroud,
 Look where upshoots a fuming fount—
 Up through a blue and boiling pool
 Perennial—a great sapphire steaming,
 In that coralline crater gleaming.
 Upwelling ever, amethystal,
 Ebullient comes the bubbling crystal !
 Still growing cooler and more cool
 As down the porcelain stairway slips
 The fluid flint, and slowly drips,
 And hangs each basin's curling lips
 With crusted fringe each year increases,
 Thicker than shear-forgotten fleeces ;
 More close and regular than rows,
 Long rows of snowy trumpet-flowers
 Some day to hang in garden-bowers,

When strangers shall these wilds enclose.
But see ! in all that lively spread
Of blue and white and vermeil red,
How dark with growths of greenest gloss,
Just at the edge o' that first ledge,
A little rocky islet peeps
Into the crater-caldron's deeps.
Along the ledge they lightly cross,
And from that place of vantage gaze
O'er all the scene—and every phase
The current takes as down it strays :
They note where'er, by step or stair,
By brimming bath, on hollow reef
Or hoary plain, its magic rain
Can reach a branch, a flower, a leaf—
The branching spray, leaf, blossom gay,
Are blanched and stiffened into stone !
So round about lurks tracery strown
Of daintiest-moulded porcelain-ware,
Or coral wreaths and clusters rare,
A white flint-foliage ! rather say
Such fairy-work as frost alone
Were equal to, could it o'erlay
With tender crust of crystals fair,—
Fine spikes so delicately piled—
Not wintry trees, leafstripped and bare,
But summer's vegetation, rich and wild.

Alfred Domell.

XIX.

Description of an Earthquake.

As through the land when some dread Earthquake
 thrills,
 Shaking the hidden bases of the hills ;
 Their grating adamantine depths, beneath
 The ponderous, unimaginable strain and stress,
 Groan shuddering as in pangs of worldwide death ;
 While their long summits stretched against the sky
 Rough-edged with trackless forests, to the eye
 A double outline take (as when you press
 The eyeball) ; and the beaten roads below
 In yellow undulations roll and flow ;
 And in broad swamps the serried flax-blades lith,
 Convulsed and tortured, rattling, toss and writhe,
 As through them sweeps the swift tremendous thro :
 Beasts howling run, or trembling, stand and stare,
 And birds, as the huge tree-tops swing and rock,
 Plunge scared into the more reliable air :—
 All Nature wrung with spasm, affrighted reels
 Aghast, as if the heavy chariot-wheels
 Of God in very truth were thundering by
 In too intolerable majesty :—
 Then he who for the first time feels the shock,
 Unconscious of its source, unguessing whence
 Comes flying o'er him, with oppressive sense
 Of irresistible Omnipotence,
 That boundless, strange, o'erwhelming influence,
 At once remote and in his inmost Heart—
 Is troubled most, that, with his staggering start
 All the convictions from his birth upgrown,
 And customary confidence, o'erthrown,

In Earth's eternal steadfastness, are gone :
 Even such a tumult smote in that wild hour
 Our Maiden.

Alfred Domett.

XX.

To Pohutu in Ebullition.

WHENCE all this whiteness ?
 This star-foam of brightness
 In fairy-like show ?
 This marvellous spasm
 Outleaping the chasm
 Of darkness below ?
 Begotten in thunder,
 The stormy depths under,
 Thou awful white wonder—
 Why travâilest thou so ?

Below ! How infernal !
 Above ! How supernal !
 Effervescent—fluorescent
 White heat and white glow.
 Erstwhile thou wert sleeping
 And weirdly keeping
 Thy mad pulse from leaping
 To vehement flow.
 Oh, what are the powers
 That force thy white showers
 To such spectre-like play ?
 Doth thy vicinity
 Hold a divinity ?
 Or otherwise ? say !

Is a Titan in anguish?
 Doth Prometheus languish
 In bowels of earth?
 Are Vulcans there? forging
 And hammering and scourging
 To frustrate the birth
 Of a spirit?—infinite?—
 Escaping—uprising;—
 Now living—now dying,
 Now flowing—now flying,
 Retiring—expiring,
 The exquisite vision
 Sinks back to its prison.

Joyce Jocelyn.

XXI.

Maoriland.

CHILD of Old Empire! Best beloved, alone!
 The wizard moon and all her starry fays
 Have made their mirror in thy waterways,
 Beneath the shadow of the red sun's throne:
 When the sea-hero burst into thy zone
 Of Dreaming Silence, through the purple haze,
 What lucid visions lit his raptured gaze,
 What heart-hopes sang to ocean's monotone!

 And he, perchance, hath joy of thee to-day,
 Who won thee from the unrelenting gale,
 The hopeless calm and the inconstant breeze;
 Where, out beyond Death's sea-track, worlds away,
 The winds are wooed by his triumphant sail
 To mad airs and sonorous symphonies.

D. M. Ross.

XXII.

A New Zealand Picture.

OTAKI, that rollest in thy pride,
First among the rivers far and near,
Little streamlet, flowing blue and clear,
Ocean, with your strong imperious tide.

Russet bushes, sandhills waste and wide,
Pointed flax blades, shining vivid green,
Scarlet spotted spiders, rarely seen
Save by those who know where you abide.

Grey and orange grass, that creeps to bind
Shifting sands still bid them stay and rest,
Dear and lovely are you all in kind.

Each is touched with a peculiar grace;
And the soul that loves and watches, best
Learns the wonders of this happy place.

Mary E. Richmond.

XXIII.

Wednesday.

COME, let's be friends—this day of bliss
Was surely meant for happy eyes—
Or sign, at least, an armistice
Till quarrelling winds arise.

On this green headland we will stay
 Till day has spent his golden hoard;
 See the cloud-shadows on the Bay
 Mark out a chequer-board.

These ships shall be our playing men;
 • Mine is the schooner, calm-bestead;
 Yours is the brig that tacks in vain
 To clea~~g~~ the Burning Head.

Mine, mine has won! She fills, she soars,
 She sails into the azure day;
 A wild wind shakes the mountain doors,
 And sweeps our board away!

Anne Glenny Wilson.

XXIV.

. Fairyland.

• Do you remember that careless band,
 Riding o'er meadow and wet sea-sand,
 One autumn day, in a mist of sunshine,
 Joyously seeking for fairyland?

The wind in the tree-tops was scarcely heard,
 The streamlet repeated its one silver word,
 And far away, o'er the depths of woodland,
 Fleated the bell of the parson-bird.

Pale hoar-frost glittered in shady slips,
Where ferns were dipping their finger-tips,
From mossy branches a faint perfume
Breathed over hone, ed clematis lips.

At last we climbed to the ridge on high :
Ah, crystal vision ! Dreamland nigh !
Far, far below us, the wide Pacific
Slumbered in azure from sky to sky.

And cloud and shadow, across the deep
Wavered, or paused in enchanted sleep,
And eastward, the purple-misted islets
Fretted the wave with terrace and steep.

We looked on the tranquil, glassy bay,
On headlands sheeted with dazzling spray,
And the whitening ribs of a wreck forlorn
That for twenty years had wasted away.

All was so calm, and pure and fair,
It seemed the hour of worship there,
Silent, as where the great North Minster
Rises for ever, a visible prayer.

Then we turned from the murmurous forest-land,
And rode over shingle and silver sand,
For so fair was the earth in the golden autumn,
We sought no farther for Fairyland.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

XXV.

The Forty-Mile Bush.

FAR through the forest's aromatic shade
We rode one afternoon of golden ease,
The long road ran through sunshine and through shade,
Lulled by the somnolent stories of the trees.

Sometimes a bell-bird fluted far away;
Sometimes the murmur of the leafy deep,
Rising and falling through the autumnal day,
Sang louder on the hills, then sank to sleep.

Before us stretched the pine-trees' sombre miles,
Soft lay the moss, like furs upon the floor;
Behind, the woodland's green monotonous aisles,
Closed far away by sunset's amber door.

League after league the same. The sky grew red,
And through the trees appeared a snowy gleam
Of lonely peak and spectral mountain-head,
And gulfs that nurse the glacier and the stream.

Deep in the glen, the merry waters racing
Sent forth their turbulent voices to the night;
The stars above began their solemn pacing,
And home-like shone the distant village light.

Mysterious forest! In this humming city
I seem to hear thy music-breathing tree,
Thy branches wave and beckon me in pity,
To seek again thy hospitality!

Anne Glenny Wilson.

XXVI.

The Passing of the Forest.

All glory cannot vanish from the hills,
 Their strength remains, their stature of command,
 Their flush of colour when calm evening stills
 Day's clamour, and the sea-breeze cools the land.
 Refreshed when rain-clouds swell a thousand rills,
 Ancient of days in green old age they stand
 In grandeur that can never know decay,
 Though from their flanks men strip the woods away.

But thin their vesture now—the restless grass,
 Bending and dancing as the breeze goes by,
 Catching quick gleams and cloudy shades that pass,
 As shallow seas reflect a wind-stirred sky.
 Ah ! nobler far their forest raiment was
 From crown to feet that clothed them royally,
 Shielding their mysteries from the glare of day,
 Ere the dark woods were rest afid'torn away.

Well may these plundered and insulted kings,
 Stripped of their robes, despoiled, uncloaked, dis-
 crowned,
 Draw down the clouds with white enfolding wings,
 And soft aerial fleece to wrap them round,
 To hide the scars that every season brings,
 The fire's black smirch, the landslip's gaping
 wound ;
 Well may they shroud their heads in mantle grey,
 Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away.

Gone is the forest world, its wealth of life,
 Its jostling, crowding, thrusting, struggling race,
 Creeper with creeper, bush with bush at strife,
 Warring and wrestling for a breathing space;
 Below, a realm with tangled rankness rife,
 Aloft, tree columns, shafts of stateliest grace.
 Gone is the forest nation. None might stay;
 Giant and dwarf alike have passed away.

Gone are the forest birds, arboreal things,
 Eaters of honey, honey-sweet of song,
 The tui, and the bell-bird—he who sings
 That brief, rich music we would fain prolong.
 Gone the wood-pigeon's sudden whirr of wings;
 The daring robin, all unused to wrong.
 Wild, harmless, hamadryad creatures, they
 Lived with their trees, and died, and passed away.

And with the birds the flowers, too, are gone
 That bloomed aloft, ethereal, stars of light,
 The clematis, the kowhai like ripe corn,
 Russet, though all the hills in green were dight;
 The rata, draining from its tree forlorn
 Rich life-blood for its crimson blossoms bright,
 Red glory of the gorges—well-a-day!
 Fled is that splendour, dead and passed away.

Lost is the scent of resinous, sharp pines;
 Of wood fresh cut, clean-smelling, for the hearth;
 Of smoke from burning logs, in wavering lines
 Softening the air with blue; of cool, damp earth
 And dead trunks fallen among coiling vines,
 Brown, mouldering, moss-coated. Round the girth
 Of the green land the winds brought hill and bay
 Fragrance far-borne, now faded all away.

Lost is the sense of noiseless, sweet escape
 From dust of stony plains, from sun and gale,
 When the feet tread where shade and silence drape
 The stems with peace beneath the leafy veil,
 Or where a pleasant rustling stirs each shape
 Creeping with whisperings that rise and fall
 Through labyrinths half-lit by chequered play
 Of light on golden moss now burned away.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode
 Under the silver fern-fronds climbing slow,
 In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noon tide glowed
 And glittered on the tree-tops far below.
 There, 'mid the stillness of the mountain road,
 We just could hear the valley river flow,
 Whose voice through many a windless summer day
 Haunted the silent woods, now passed away.

Drinking fresh odours, spicy wafts that blew,
 We watched the glassy, quivering air asleep,
 Midway between tall cliffs that taller grew
 Above the unseen torrent calling deep;
 Till, like a sword, cleaving the foliage through,
 The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep,
 White, living water, cooling with its spray
 Dense plumes of fragile fern, now scorched away.

Keen is the axe, the rushing fire streams bright,
 Clear, beautiful, and fierce it speeds for Man;
 The Master, set to change and stern to smite,
 Bronzed pioneer of nations. Ay, but scan
 The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
 The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
 And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
 Is this for progress—beauty swept away.

William Pember Reeves.

XXVII.

The Last of the Forest.

Hast thou not heard, O White Man, through a troubled
dreaming

On some still night when all the world lay stark,
Sharp through the silence, moaning of the sea, and
screaming

Of night-birds in the dark?

Hast thou not said, O White Man, shivering when the
shrieking

Wild voices thrilled thee in a mystery of pain:
"Peace! 'tis the Ocean calling! 'tis the Dead Tree
creaking!"

Hush thee, my heart, again!"

Are they but birds? is it the sea in lamentation,

Or is it Ghosts of Earth, and Air, that cry,
Moaning a requiem, in their utter desolation,
For old worlds passing by?

Is it the wind that howls? The Dead Tree thou
ignorest,

Speech hath, and Spirit, though a shadow grey.
Hearst thou not the voice that mourns the vanished
Forest,

That was, and passed away?

"White Man, behold me! ghastly in the Spring's
sereness,

Battered, and bruised, by ceaseless storm and strife;
I am the Spectre of a mighty forest's greenness,
I, who am Death in Life!"

Late, and with lingering footsteps, Spring draws near
revealing

Love, and new life, to every passer-by;
Angel beloved! in thy touches is no healing,
No balm for such as I!

Dawn after dawn, I, sleepless, wait the first faint flushes
Then, as the cloud-gates of the East unfold,
Over the world the red flood of the sunrise rushes
That leaves me white and cold.

Heaven in her pity rains her tender tears upon me,
Me,—who shall never bud nor bloom again,
There is no quickening in the sunshine lavished on me,
The dew drops all in vain.

Shattered by lightning, tempest-tossed, and torn, and
broken,
Storms had no power to shake me till this last,
When, at the coming of the White Man, doom was
spoken,—
Now live I in the Past!

What is there left, O White Man, what is there remaining?
What is there flees not from before thy face?
Wonder thou not to hear the Spirits' loud complaining
For flower, forest, race!

As the worn body by a lingering breath is haunted,
So is my Ghost withheld from final peace;
While these strong roots thus firmly in the earth are
planted,
Am I denied release.

Hast thou no mercy, Storm-wind? let thy fury hound me;
Let loose thy Fiends, and bid them work their will,
Till in Earth's bosom snaps the link that bound me!
Then shall my soul be still!"

Dost thou not hear, O White Man, through thy troubled
dreaming
On this calm night when all the world lies stark,
Sharp through the silence, moaning of the sea, and
screaming
Of night-birds in the dark?

What! dost thou say, O White Man, shivering when the
shrieking
Wild voices thrill thee in an agony of pain:
"Peace! 'tis the Ocean calling! 'tis the Dead Tree
creaking!
Hush thee, my heart, again!"

They are not birds! the sea wails not in lamentation—
They are the Ghosts of Earth, of Air, that cry,
Moaning a requiem, in their utter desolation,
For old worlds passing by.

Dora Wilcox.

XXVIII.

Ver Sacrum.

SOFT is the sun, and soft is the air, and soft is the
Mother's breast;
Soft is the song she crooneth as I stretch me there to
rest—
Song with its warp of wooing wind, and its weft of bird-
notes clear:
How the heart it stills, and thrills, and fills . . .
'Tis Spring—oh, Spring is here!

David Will. M. Burn.

XXIX.

A Song of Winter.

BIRD on the leafless bough,
 Summer has fled ;
 Bird on the leafless bough,
 Flowers are dead.

Dead too thy trilling song,
 Dead in thy grief ;
 Not e'en a saddened song
 Mourns for the leaf.

E'en now on leafless bough
 Swells the small bud,
 Soon all the leafy bough
 Blossoms shall stud.

Then 'mid the summer leaves,
 Winter forgot,
 Singing 'mid summer leaves,
 Thy happy lot.

Why then, poor stricken soul,
 Why dost thou grieve ?
 Thou knowest, stricken soul,
 Time will relieve.

Ah ! will not mem'ry keep
 Sharp grief alive ?
 Never will mem'ry sleep
 Howe'er I strive.

Alexander Bathgate.

XXX.

A Winter Daybreak.

I.

FROM the dark gorge, where burns the morning star,
 I hear the glacier river rattling on
 And sweeping o'er his ice-ploughed shingle-bar,
 While wood-owls shout in sombre unison,
 And fluttering southern dancers glide and go ;
 And black swans' airy trumpets wildly, sweetly blow.

II.

The cock crows in the windy winter morn,
 Then must I rise and fling the curtain by.
 All dark ! But for a strip of fiery sky
 Behind the ragged mountains, peaked and torn.
 One planet glitters in the icy cold,
 Poised like a hawk above the frozen peaks :
 And bends the cypress, shuddering, to his fold,
 While every timber, every casement creaks.
 But still the skylarks sing aloud and bold ;
 The wooded hills arise ; the white cascade
 Shakes with wild laughter all the silent shadowy glade.

III.

Now from the shuttered East a silvery bar
 Shines through the mist, and shows the mild day-star.
 The storm-wrapped peaks start out and fade again,
 And rosy vapours skirt the pastoral plain :
 The garden paths with hoary rime are wet ;
 And sweetly breathes the winter violet ;
 The jonquil half unfolds her ivory cup,
 With clouds of gold-eyed daisies waking up.

IV.

Pleasant it is to turn and see the fire
 Dance on the hearth, as he would never tire ;
 The home-baked loaf, the Indian bean's perfume,
 Fill with their homely cheer the panelled room.
 Come, crazy storm ! and thou, wild glittering hail,
 Rave o'er the roof and wave your icy veil ;
 Shout in our ears, and take your madcap way !
 I laugh at storms ! for Roderick comes to-day.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

XXXI.

Morning.

*Morning passes, never ceases,
 Day-break laughs on earth for ever.*

Now is the hour of the morning's prime,—
 List to the voices ;—sea-sprites hymning !
 Wispy clouds from the sea-haze climb,
 Rosy gulls in the gold sea swimming :
 Waves defying Time's ageing hand
 Dance to the gleaming sand.

Now is the hour of the morning's prime,—
 Earth lies laughing and Heaven bends over :
 Bees are a-hum in the banks of thyme,
 Bees are a-drone in the fields of clover :
 Poppies and cornflowers gem the corn,
 And a new world smiles, dew-born.

Now is the hour of the morning’s prime,—
Ho,—the revel of rival thrushes !
That’s a blackbird hid in the lime,
Clearly the lark’s lay fills the hushes :
Silver hazes and cloud-wests sever,—
And such morns break for ever.

Johannes C. Andersen.

XXXII.

“Good-night.”

“To each and all a fair ‘Good-night.’”—SCOTT.

“Good-night”:
So, hand firm clasping hand,
We meetly close the day,
Unconscious that the angel band
Bend down to hear us say
“Good-night.”
In tender tones, or grave, or light ;
For in their paradise all bright
They never, never say “Good-night.”

“Good-night”:
From cot and curtained bed
The sweet child-accents come,
Tired sprites who love to tread
Where daisies grow and brown bees hum—
“Good-night.”
In rosy dreams each past delight
Again will bless their happy sight,
So drowsily they lisp, “Good-night.”

NIGHTFALL.

“Good-night,”
 The silver stars proclaim
 In their own grand, soft speech,
 While woodland warblers frame
 And utter in the twilight, each,
 “Good-night.”
 With sudden, daring, darting flight
 From blackthorn hedge to cedar height,
 They twitter, chirp, or trill. “Good-night.”

M. A. Sinclair.

XXXIII.

Nightfall.

SWEET up, oh ! wind of night, from out the eastward,
 Sweep down, oh ! mist of night, as dies the day;
 Sweep low between us and the mountain ranges,
 And hide the stars away.

Hide all the hope of day, oh ! night of shadows ;
 The moon's bright promise, and the noontide's light.
 Take all the outside world for your possession—
 Oh ! phantoms of the night.

Within are lights you cannot hide or darken,
 Spirits of nightfall, wheresoe'er you roam ;
 The light of fires upon the home-hearth burning,
 Heart-fuse within the home.

Mary H. Poynter.

XXXIV.

The Dying of the Day.

UPON a couch with gorgeous splendours drest
Day lay a-dying in the amber West,
Silent and sad, for since his race begun
He had known much of sorrow 'neath the sun;

Bereft of all his children, the fair Hours,
That bloomed and faded like the summer flower,
Save one, the last, of all-surpassing charms
That lay a-dying with him, in his arms:

And sorrowful the royal couch beside
Sat pale-browed Evening, the old monarch's bride,
Lovely in grief as tearfully she smiled
Upon her hoary spouse and sunny child.

Silence reigned all around, for Nature's choir
Had hushed their songs to view the god expire;
And she stood tiptoe, and with bated breath
Watched through the casement the old monarch's
death.

And soon it came; the lifelight left his eye,
And through the palace-windows came a sigh,
Deep-drawn and faint, from out the distant West
As of one weary sinking into rest;

The Hour was gone, and with it died the Day,
And o'er them Evening threw a pall of grey,
Then kissed the placid features of the dead,
And drew her dusky curtains round the bed;

Then lighting up a star she hung it high,
 For a pale corpse-light, in the fading sky,
 And as from out their lairs began to creep
 The sombre shadows—she went forth to weep;

And up and down the garden Earth she passed,
 And as she walked her tears fell thick and fast;
 And then returning with a solemn tread,
 She robed herself in mourning for the dead,
 And clothed in black, but crowned with jewels bright,
 Went forth to watch until the morning light.

William Jukes Steward.

XXXV.

After Sunset.

OVER my head the skylark singeth,
 Though the sun hath set and the night draws nigh;
 What is the message the sweet song bringeth?
 Is it a hint that a day gone by—
 Gone by—gone by—may return again,
 And the time of waiting go part like rain?

The lark still sings as he upward flieth
 Through the dusk-blue air, and the notes drop down
 To the listening earth, and my heart that crieth
 For the breath of spring and the summer's crown.
 Ah! crown of summer, dost hang as far
 As over the skylark that lone white star?

Oh, lonely star! But the song hath ended,
 The purple mountains grow darker yet;
 Soon will the crimson and grey be blended,
 And nought to tell where the sun hath set;
 The blue dusk deepens, more stars there be:
 What is the promise ye hold for me?

Where the hills drop down to the sea which spurneth,
 For ever and ever, the patient land;
 Where the blue hills melt to the blue sky, burneth
 A distant fire like a love-lit brand.
 My path descends, and it goes from sight,
 But I know it is strong for the coming night.

O stars and fire! is your inward meaning
 To tell of a day which is yet to be?
 Of an hour when Time shall go backward leaning
 To pluck white roses and red for me?
 When the joy which is past shall come back—come
 back—
 With a threefold strength that shall nothing lack?

Clara Singer Pynter.

XXXVI.

In the Moonlight.

THE moon is bright, and the winds are laid, and the
 river is roaring by;
 Orion swings, with his belted lights low down in the
 western sky;

North and south from the mountain gorge to the hear
of the silver plain
There's many an eye will see no sleep till the east grow
bright again;
There's many a hand will toil to-night, from the centre
down to the sea;
And I'm far from the men I used to know—and my love
is far from me.

Where the broad flood eddies the dredge is moored to
the beach of shingle white,
And the straining cable whips the stream in a spray of
silver light;
The groaning buckets bear their load, and the engine
thrusts away,
And the wash pours red on the turning screen that knows
not night or day;
For there's many an ounce of gold to save, from the gorge
to the shining sea—
And there's many a league of the bare brown hills be-
tween my love and me.

Where the lines of gorse are parched and dry, and the
sheaves are small and thin,
The engine beats and the combine sings to the drays that
are leading in,
For they're thrashing out of the stuck to-night, and the
plain is as bright as day,
And the fork-tines flash as the sheaves are turned on the
frame of the one-horse dray;
For many a hand will toil to-night, from the mountains
down to the sea;—
But I'm far from the lips of the girl I love, and the heart
that beats for me.

The trappers are out on the hills to-night, and the sickly
lantern-shine
Is mocking the gleam of the silver moon in the scrub on
the long trap-line;
The tallies are big on the rock-strewn spur, and the
rattling clink of the chain
Comes weirdly mixed from the moon-bright hill with the
whistling shriek of pain;
For many a hand will toil to-night where the tussocks
are waving free;—
But it's over the hills and over the plain to the heart that
beats for me.

The stars are bright, and the night is still, and the river
is singing by,
And many a face is upward turned to gaze at the moon's
bright eye.
North and south, from the forest deeps to the heart of the
silver plain,
There's many an eye will see no sleep till the east grows
bright again;
There's many a hand will toil to-night by shining land
and sea.
O moonlight, bear my message of love to the heart that
beats for me.

David McKee Wright.

XXXVII.

Spring Fires.

THE running rings of fire on the Canterbury hills,
 Running, ringing, dying at the border of the snow!
 Mad, young, seeking, as a young thing wills,
 The ever, ever-living, ever-buried Long Ago!

The soft running fire on the Canterbury hills,
 Swinging low the censer of a tender heathenesse
 To the Earth goddesses that quicken all the thrills,
 When the heart's wine of August is dripping from the
 press!

The quiet bloom of haze on the Canterbury hills !
 The fire, it is the moth that is winging to the snow,
 Oh, pure red moth, but the sweet white kills :
 And we thrill again to watch you, but we know, but
 we know !

...

The long yellow spurs on the Canterbury hills
 To a moon of maiden promise waken once in all the
 year,
 When the fires come again and the little tui trills,
 And who will name or think on a January sere ?

The lone, large flower of the Canterbury hills
 On the slender ti-tree will hang her honeyed head
 When the moon of fire has called her to the spurs and
 the rills,
 Dim and strong and typical of tintless river-bed.

The scent of burning tussock on the Canterbury hills,
 The richness and the mystery that waken like a lyre
 With the dearness of a dreaming that never yet fulfils!—
 And we know it, and we know it, but we love the
 moon of fire!

Jessie Mackay.

XXXVIII.

In Town.

We came from the hills where the hot winds blow
 And the yellow tussocks wave,
 From the long, bright plain where the titris grow,
 From the land of the sun, and the frost, and snow,
 Where the hearts are strong and brave.

We had kept the lines in the winter-time
 On the wing of the poisoning gang.
 From rock to rock in the mountain climb,
 When the frosts were keen and the air like wine,
 And the shingle faces rang.

When the speargrass fire was burning bright,
 We had sat in the magic ring—
 When the knives were swift and the hearts were light,
 With a thousand skins to clean at night,
 And one had a song to sing.

We're in town, and we met in the noisy street,
 And the old strong days came back—
 The wind in the tussocks waving sweet,
 The mountain ridge, and the plain at our feet,
 And the winding rocky track.

The bustling town, with its pink and green,
 And its hoardings of red and blue,
 To our open eyes was poor and mean
 As we thought of the long, bright days that had been
 In the old fair world we knew.

The church spires climb to the dreary sky,
 And the bells ring peace from Heaven ;
 But the joy of God's rich fields that lie
 Wide to the winds and the wild bird's cry
 May never again be given.

Yet here in the clasp of a friendly hand
 That wrought with me side by side,
 I feel the thrill of the mountain land,
 The life of toil that was strong and grand,
 Old Memory's rich flood-tide.

David McKee Wright.

XXXIX.

Arlington.

THE sun shines bright on Arlington, the drowsy sheep
 creep by,
 The water races seam the hills, cloud shadows line the sky,
 New fences climb the warm brown spurs to guard the
 scrubber ewes,
 Because the run is broken up for hungry cockatoos;
 The township sleeps below the hill, the homestead on the
 plain,
 But the lost days of Arlington will never come again.

The working-men are seen no more in hut or rabbit camp,
 The stock-whip never will be heard about the river
 • swamp;
 No more the mighty fleeces crown the bins like drifted
 snow;
 No more the princely rams go down, the wonder of the
 show;
 The swagger on the weary tramp comes o'er the summer
 plain,
 And sighs for rest at Arlington, yet knows he sighs in
 vain.

There's little work on Arlington since the old station
 days;
 The hawk-faced owners groan to tell sheep-farming never
 pays,
 They build no homesteads on the runs, they pay no wages
 out;
 The station style was different when money flew about.
 The rabbits flourish on the hills and burrow all the plain,
 The stock that ran on Arlington will never run again.

The good old boss of Arlington was everybody's friend,
 He liked to keep the wages up right to the very end;
 If diggers' horses went astray they always could be found,
 The cow that roamed across the run was never in the
 • pound.
 He was a white man through and through, cheery and fair
 and plain,
 And now he'll never ride the rounds of Arlington again.

And yet the talk is evermore, "The people want the
 land!"
 I tell you that the workers' cry is, "Let the stations
 stand."

The greedy few will clamour loud and clamour to the end;
 A dummy grabbing what he can is not the people's friend.
 And Heaven's curse is on him still in all his schemes for gain;
 He falls—and yet old Arlington will never rise again!

David McKee Wright.

XL.

The Old Place.

So the last day's come at last, the close of my fifteen year—

The end of the hope, an' the struggles, an' messes I've put in here.

All of the shearing's over, the final mustering done,—
 Eleven hundred and fifty for the incoming man, near on.
 Over five thousand I drove 'em, now by mob, down the coast;

Eleven-fifty in fifteen year . . . it isn't much of a boast.

Oh, it's a bad old place! Blow~~p~~ out o' your bed half the nights,

And in summer the grass burnt shiny an' bare as your hand, on the heights:

The creek dried up by November, and in May a thundering roar

That carries down toll o' your stock to salt 'em whole on the shore.

Clear'd I have, and I've clear'd an' clear'd, yet every-
where, slap in your face,
Briar, tauhinu, an' ruin ! God ! it's a brute of a place.
... An' the house got burnt ~~which~~ I built, myself, with
all that worry and pride;
Where the Missus was always homesick, and where she
took fever, and died.

Yes, well ! I'm leaving the place. Apples look red on
that bough. *
I set the slips with my own hand. Well—they're the
other man's now.
The breezy bluff: an' the clover that smells so over the
land,
Drowning the reek of the rubbish, that plucks ~~the~~ profit
out o' your hand :
That bit o' Bush paddock I sal'd myself, an' watched,
each year, come clean
(Don't it look fresh in the tawny ? A scrap of Old-Country
green):
This air, all healthy with sun an' salt, an' bright with
purity :
An' the glossy karakas there, twinkling to the big blue
twinkling sea :
Ay, the broad blue sea beyond, an' the gem-clear cove
below,
Where the boat I'll never handle again, sits rocking to
• and fro :
There's the last look to it all ! an' now for the last upon
This room, where Hetty was born, an' my Mary died,
an' John . . .
Well, I'm leaving the poor old place, and it cuts as keen
as a knife;
The place that's broken my heart—the place where I've
lived my life.

G. E. Baughan.

XLI.

The Whare.

IT stands upon the grassy slope,
 A ruin, brown and lone :
 The door swings on its hinge of rope
 With strange and dismal tone,
 Whene'er the wandering winds that pass
 Bear with them, o'er the thistled grass,
 The darksome forest's moan.

Lone seems it when on all around
 The summer moon lies still ;
 W^h not a zephyr stirs to sound
 The rata on the hill :
 When but the locust on the tree
 Adds to the murmur of the bee
 Its tuneless note and shrill.

Here, mouldering walls stand rent and dark,
 Once wind-and-weather proof ;
 There, strips of brown man^uka-bark
 Drop from the tattered roof ;
 And wandering cattle, wild as wind,
 Upon the sward have left behind
 The print of many a hoof.

No more, when with its burden black
 Low broods the winter night,
 Shall shine through every chimney-crack
 The back-log's yellow light.
 The bushman's tiring task is done ;
 And stumps, that rot in rain and sun,
 Stand bleached to spectral white.

Done whāse, on the green hill-side,
 From human haunts apart,
 Unnoticed by the eye of Pride,
 A hallowed spot thou art.
 This roof, that ever inward falls,
 This shattered door, these mouldering walls,
 Once held a human heart.

H. J. Twisleton.

XLII.

While the Billy Boils.

THE speargrass crackles under the billy and overhead is
 the winter sun ;
 There's snow on the hills, there's frost in the gully, that
 minds me of things that I've seen and done,
 Of blokes that I knew, and mates that I've worked with,
 and the sprees we had in the days gone by ;
 And a mist comes up from my heart to my eyelids, I feel
 fair sic' and I wonder why.

There is coves and coves ; Some I liked partic'lar, and
 some I would sooner I never knowed ;
 But a bloke can't choose the chaps that he's thrown with
 in the harvest paddock or here on the road.
 There was chaps from the other side that I shore with
 that I'd like to have taken along for mates,
 But we said, " So long ! " and we laughed and parted for
 good and all at the station gates.

I mind the time when the snow was drifting ahd Billy
and me was out for the night—
We lay in the lee of a rock, and waited, hungry and cold,
for the morning light.

Then he went one way and I the other—we'd been like
brothers for half a year ;

He said : " I'll see you again in town, mate, and we'll
blow the froth off a pint of beer."

He went to a job on the plain he knowed of and I went
poisoning out at the back,

And I missed him somehow—for all my looking I never
could knock across his track.

The same with Harry, the bloke I worked with the time
I was over upon the coast,

He went to a fly-round over to Sydney, to stay for a
fortnight—a month at most !

He never came back, and he never wrote me—I wonder
how blokes like him forget ;

We had been where no one had been before us, we had
starved for days in the cold and wet ;

We had sunk a hundred holes that was duffers, till at last
we came on a fairish patch,

And we worked in rags in the dead of winter while the
ice bars hung from the frozen thatch.

Yes, them was two, and I can't help mind them—good
mates as ever a joker had ;

But there's plenty more as I'd like to be with, for half of
the blokes on the road is bad.

It sets me a-thinking the world seems wider, for all we
fancy it's middling small,

When a chap like me makes friends in plenty and they
slip away and he loses them all.

The speargrass crackles under the billy and overhead is
the winter sun ;
There's snow on the hills, there's frost in the gully, and,
oh, the things that I've seen and done,
The blokes that I knowed and the mates I've worked
with, and the sprees we had in the days gone by ;
But I somehow fancy we'll all be pen-mates on the day
when they call the Roll of the Sky.

David McKee Wright.

XLIII.

What used to be.

HILL an' ridge an' barren river, all the station ridin',
Mobs o' cattle, flanks a quiver, in the ti-tree hidin' ;
Cloudin' dust, an' red sun flarin'; 'member how we
caught 'em,
Wheeled 'em (thousand eyes a-glarin'); 'long the sidin'
brought 'em !
Ride ! Rouse 'em up across the hill-tops !
Bring 'em down the gullies in the dawn ;
For the boys are set an' goin', an' there's half the herd
a-lowin' --
Whoo-oop ! through the yellow of the dawn !

Gleamin' horns like lines o' lances -- an' the mob
stampedin' ;
Why did you--yer knew the chances--head them, never
heedin'

Crowdin' brutes that tossed an' rolled yer—stamp'd yer
inter clay?

So I'll never more behold yer, never hear yer say— •

“ Hi! Ring 'em in along the tussock;

Swing 'em where the gates are set an' wide—

But the clackin' hoofs are thunder, an' ye're done if yer
git under—

Steady! where the gates are yawnin' wide!

Wish I'd died wi' yer that mornin' when yer bed we
made yer;

Best yer to the night an' dawnnin' with the scrub ter
shade yer

Yer was friend more close than brother—now ye're sleepin'
far

'N' I'll not ride wi' any other where the long downs are.

Now, yer'll be ridin' in the mountings,

Though the cattle will not turn to see yer pass;

There's no sod or stone will hold yer when the shoutin'
whips have told yer—

“ Ride! the mob is breakin' in the Pass!”

Hill an' scrub an' lone gray river—only things I'm
lovin'—

I will serve no more for ever (Hey! the column's movin',
Hear the blessed bugles blowin')—you'll be on the track
With the boys—them all unknownin'—bring the cattle
back.

Aht slow em' down across the shingle;

Trail 'em up the cuttin' in the dark,

There was nothin' feared or tried me wi' your knee
beside me;

Ah-h! the crawlin' homeward in the dark!

G. B. Lancaster.

XLIV.

The Blind, Obedient Dead.

THEIR bones lie glistening on the veldt, their shoes are
rusted red,

They are gone where spur and rifle are at rest.
Good dreams to all that legion of the blind, obedient
dead!

Good pasture in their islands of the blest !

Knowing nothing of the combat, recking nothing if they
won

When the echoes of the last shot died away;
They are dreaming of the far-off bush and ~~and~~ ^{streams}, and
shade and sun,
And the gallops at the breaking of the day.

Did they wonder at the trumpet-call that urged them to
the onset,

And the harder, tenser hand upon the rein,
Than the hand that held them steady for the station
roofs at sunset,
Or the girl across a dozen miles of plain?

When the purple dusk grows deeper, and the Four
White Stars look down,

And an eastern wind blows oversea from home;
To their white bones, shining silver, from the bush and
from the town,
Does a sigh of dear remembrance never come ?

When the mob breaks through the timber, do the
stockmen never sigh—

Do their hearts in idle pipe-dreams never yearn

For our horses in their long sleep where we sent them
out to die,
To an exile past retrieval and return?

The girls who tingled, waiting at the slip-rails, quick to
hear

The ring of hoofs at moonrise through the trees—
Will they waken for a moment from their love-sleep,
with a tear
For the silent hoofs at rest across the seas?

Their bones are glistening on the veldt, their shoes are
rusted red,

They are gone where spur and rifle are at rest.
Good ~~dreams~~ to all that legion of the blind, obedient
dead!

Good pasture in their islands of the blest!

M. C. Keane.

XLV.

A Leaf from a Fly-book.

The king's road is a troubrous summons calling day and
day;
But my feet take the cocksfoot track—the easy, vagrant
way:
Beside the restless acres and the gold of noisy gorse,
The ripple lures its lover down the dazzle of its course.

Its speech is of the willow-reaches rich with lurking joy;
 The revel of the rapids where gay life is death's decoy :
 My heart is with the laughing lips; I follow up and
 down;
 But follow not the king's white road toward the haste of
 town.

Afoot, the wash of waders, and aloft, the haze-veiled
 blue,—

The heart it needeth nothing so the east fall clean and
 true.

O carol of the running reel, O flash of mottled back !
 And who will take the king's white road, and who tlie
 cocksfoot track?

The hour-glass fills with weather like a wine of slow
 content:

I throw the world behind me as a cartridge that is spent.
 Then home by summer starlight bear my grass-cool,
 mottled load;

I quit the pleasant cocksfoot track: I take the king's
 white road.

Seaforth Mackenzie.

XLVI.

The 'Ships.

THE ships sail out, and the ships sail in,
 Unfolding and folding their great white sails;
 These weary and eager the haven to win,
 Those all-impatient to face the gales;

Some sailing away to the fairy isles,
 Some sailing away to the hurricane wrack;
 All sped on their way with tears and smiles.
 But which will founder! and which come back!

The ships sail in, and the ships sail out,
 To the fate that is waiting by day and night;
 Though men are fearless, and ships are stout,
 Though hearts are merry, and eyes are bright,
 They cannot pass where the Shadow stands,
 They cannot pass, though stout and brave;
 When the place is reached, they fold their hands,
 And stay where the Shadow has made their grave.

The ships sail out, and the ships sail in,
 Passing, repassing, with outspread wings;
 The anchor is tripped with a merry din,
 While the careless sailor a roundelay sings;
 Some to arrive at the far-off shore,
 Where love is waiting with hope and dread;
 Some to cast anchor, no more—no more—
 No more, till the sea gives up its dead!

The ships sail in, and the ships sail out,
 And the days go stretching away 'o the years;
 And men are hemmed by fate about,
 We smile our smiles, and weep our tears;
 The ship-boy croons some sweet love song,
 Thinking the while of his mother's face!
 And the ship we thought so brave and strong,
 Goes down in the night and leaves no trace!

Francis Sinclair.

XLVII.

The Red West Road.

OFF-SHORE I hear the great propellers thunder,
 And throb and thrash so steadily and slow;
 Their booming cadence tells of seas that plunder—
 Of Love's moon-seas and brave hearts thrown asunder,
 Of hot, red lips and battles, blow for blow;
 And as they sing my heart is filled with wonder,
 Though why—I scarcely know.

Perhaps it is because they tell a story,
 And list a deep storm-measure as they come—
 A song of old-time love and battles gory,
 When men dared Hell and sailed through sunset's glory
 With pealing trumpet tuned to rolling drum,
 To hunt, and loot, and sink the jewelled quarry
 In seas too deep to plumb.

I only know I watch the steamers going
 Along the Red West Road, with heavy heart,
 And when the night comes, look for head-lights showing,
 And mark their speed—the ebb-tide or the flowing,
 For loth am I to see them slew and start
 Adown that path; and every deep call blowing
 Stabs like a driven dart.

The blazing West to me is always calling,
 For in the West there burns my brightest star. . . .
 O God! to hear the anchor-winches hauling,
 And feel her speeding, soaring high and falling,
 With steady swing across the brawling bar—
 To hear the stem-struck rollers tumble sprawling,
 And watch the lights afar.

To South and East and North the screws are singing,
 So steadily and tunesfully and slow,
 But on the Western Track they thunder, flinging
 Their wake afoam, and by their roar and ringing—
 By laughter sweet, deep in my heart, I know
 That down that Red West Road, with big screw
 swinging,
 Some day I'll go.

• 11

Will Lawson.

XLVIII.

The Ship and the Sea.

DAY after day, thro' following night on night,
 Whether 'twixt Blue and Blue, amid gray calm,
 Tempest, or chill disconsolating fog—
 Still thro' void air, 'neath one continuing dome
 Of mute enormous sky—o'er plain on plain
 Of lonely, stark, uninterrupted sea—
 From circle to repeated circle of
 Mere space for ever changing, aye'un changed:
 Voyages on her solitary way
 The strong seaworthy ship.

And she informs that we'd. The solitude
 She peoples, and to all that blank gives point.
 Her single presence wakes as to an aim,
 Touches, as tho' to sense, the occupants
 Of that insensate world. The leashless waves
 Race at her side and follow at her heel:
 The virgin and clean air dwells in her sails,
 And sea-birds, none know whence, sudden appearing,

Hover, as round their mother, at her helm.
 The sea is gemm'd with her, the sun's wide eye
 Brightens all day on her, and when night comes,
 The stars mount up her rigging, the moon slips
 White feet upon her sharply-shadow'd decks,
 And, in her towers of steady sail high-sitting,
 Quietly sings the wind.

More: she herself, this world amid convoys
 Another world, and other. Sound of lips
 And light of eyes, a burden of warm breath
 And hearts toward other hearts that beat, is come
 Upon the emptiness—a world of quick,
 Doing, devising Consciousness usurps
 This kingdom of untroubled oneness—plays
 Its sole pulsating part in thi' huge O
 Of unspectator'd theatre . . . and then
 As in its entry, in its exit, brief—
 Vanishes. The ship passes and is gone.

A rushing star, thro' Heaven's spacious calm
 Down-hurling momentary fire: a swift
 Passion, that strong on some commanding spirit
 Leaps—fares—fails: or, an importunate fly
 That, low about its little business,
 One drowsy second of the summer noon
 Awakes, the next falls dead: invading so,
 So takes possession, so predominates,
 And even so is pass'd the ship, and gone.

She passes. And the indifferent world resumes
 Its ancient semblance, and its own device.
 Voiceless once more, unpeopled and alone,
 One vast monotony magnificent,
 The air, the sea, and the infinite sky

Are all—the heart-throbs and the busy minds
 Are gone, and wordless comes the wind, the light
 No longer sees itself in human eyes,
 Nor watch of man is set upon this world.

Nevertheless, it lives, and has its being.
 The wind blows on, the sky presides, the sea
 Her ageless journeying round the earth pursues,
 And onward all the untrodden currents flow.
 Man come or gone, 'tis equal. Nature still
 Remains, and still the stable elements
 Fill their inherent office. Sweet with salt
 The free air wanders o'er the wandering waves,
 Bright shines the sun upon the shipless sea.

B. E. Vaughan.

XLIX.

At Sea.

WHEN the Southern gale is blowing hard,
 The watch are all on the topsail yard.

And when five come down where six went up,
 There's one less to share the bite and sup.

A name is missed when the roll they call;
 A hand the less for the mainsail haul.

They steal his rags and his bag and bed;
 Little it matters to him who's dead.

Instead of the stone and carven verse
 This is his epitaph, curt and terse:

"John Smith, A.B.,
Drowned in latitude 53,
A heavy gale and a following sea."

We have lost the way to the open sea;
We have missed the doom we hoped to flee.

For the big ships running their easting down
Are far from the din of Sydney town.

Instead of the clean blue sunlit wave,
Our bones will lie in a darksome grave.

For the means to live we barter life.
Would I were back in the old-time strife,
Once more to be
Reefing topsails in 53
In the blinding drift from the angry sea.

D. H. Rogers.

L.

Ocean's Own.

THE song that the surf is brawling
Is meant for their ears alone,
Who followed the deep-sea calling
And slaved at it, blood and bone.
Oh! softly the North Wind sings them
A measure that bids them rest
Where Ocean, their mother, swings them
To sleep on her throbbing breast.

The moon lifts gold in the gloaming,
 The sun in the west sinks red,
 And birds of the sea pass roaming,
 But the Ocean's Own lie dead.

Perchance as they lie they're dreaming
 Of home and a childhood's tune
 That rang through the storm-seas' screaming
 And sobbed in the warm monsoon ;
 Or maybe again they're thrashing
 With spray on the high bridge-rail,
 And labouring engines clashing
 A dirge to the men who fail.
 The world passes on, forgetting,
 But, oft in the ports, I know
 There's many a brave heart fretting
 For the good, brave hearts laid low.

Their ships swept out on the noon-tides,
 And lonely their mast-head lights
 Were quivering far, when the moon-tides
 Swam glittering through the nights ;
 And strong where the storm-s'urs flicker
 They drove through the wash and roll,
 And ever their screws spun quicker
 When balked of their distant goal.
 For the Ocean's Own were roamers—
 By power of sail and steam
 They swung on the long Cape combers,
 Or droned up the Hoogli's stream.

The song that the surf is shouting
 Is meant for their ears alone
 Who went to their work undoubting,
 And slaved at it, blood and bone.

Oh ! softly the Ocean swings them
 To sleep on her heaving breast,
 And the wind from the sweet North sings them
 The songs that their hearts loved best.
 Soft eyes are sad in their waking—
 Eyes bright with the tears unshed—
 And there's many a brave heart breaking ;
 But the Ocean's Own lie dead.

Will Lawson.

L.I.

Homeward Bound.

THEY will take us from the moorings, they will tow us
 down the Bay,
 They will pluck us up to wind'ard when we sail.
 We shall hear the keen wind whistle, we shall feel the
 sting of spray,
 When we've dropped the deep-sea pilot o'er the rail.
 Then it's Johnnie heave, an' start her, then it's Johnnie
 roll and go ;
 When the mates have picked the watches, there is
 little rest for Jack,
 But we'll raise the good old chanty that the Homeward
 bounders know,
 For the girls have go't the tow-rope, an' they're hauling
 in the slack.

In the dusty streets and dismal, through the noises of the town,
 We can hear the West wind humming through the shrouds;
 We can see the lightning leaping when the tropic suns go down,
 And the dapple of the shadows of the clouds.
 And the salt blood dances in us, to the tune of Home-
 ward Bound,
 To the call to weary watches, to the sheet and to the tack.
 Then they bid us man the capstan how the hands will walk her round !
 For the girls have got the tow-rope, an' they're hauling in the slack.

Through the sunshine of the tropics, round the bleak and dreary Horn,
 Half across the little planet lies our way.
 We shall leave the land behind us like a welcome that's outworn
 When we see the reeling mastheads swing and sway.
 Through the weather fair or stormy, in the calm and in the gale,
 We shall heave and haul to help her, we shall hold her on her track,
 And you'll hear the chorus rolling when the hands are making sail,
 For the girls have got the tow-rope, an' they're hauling in the slack !

D. H. Rogers.

LII.

Two Voices.

To the brilliant streets and bustle of a city full of Spring,
 To the soft, contented river and the sleeping, shining
 spires,
 From the distant hills disrobing there are messages a-wing,
 From the splendid dusks and dawnings, from the
 flaming sunset fires.

I have heard them through the clamor of the people in
 the sun,
 And the winds that whine at midnight when the city
 is at rest;
 And the harpstrings of my heart are set a-trembling one
 by one
 Till the sweeping of their wide and keen harmonies
 calls me West.

Oh! the dew of darkling mornings on the grasses green
 and grey!
 Oh! the flush before the saffron, and the blushes of
 the snow,
 Dark ratas stalking down the gorge (a-waiting for the day)
 To the sheen of rippling waters in the shingle sweep
 • below!

The threads of fire on mountain-sides in purple of the
 night —
 The dusted gold of tussocks and the music of the
 fords —
 The gorse and wattle flame that sets the dusty road
 alight —
 The thin, bright air — my harmony has all of these for
 chords.

But from eastward comes the call of glistening beaches,
sleeping bays,
And the pale, thin, shivering grasses in the land-wind
set astir;
And the lace of broken rollers, wove for us in summer
days,
When I sought my ocean mother with my love, and
found her fair.

Oh the beach, of worlds forsaken! 'Oh the pressure of
soft hands,
In our lotus-land of ocean, lulled to mellow minor
keys!
Oh the kiss among the lupins, green among the grey of
sands,
When our swaying souls were shaken in the rush of
roaring seas!

How golden were the evenings in that slumbrous summer
weather,
When we plucked the scarlet poppies of delight and of
desire!
How musical the mornings when we wandered forth
together!
All royal the sea-kingdom where our feet could never
tire.

Rival chumings, murmuring still of mountain pleasure,
sea delight,
Mocking melodies of memories of what I loved the
most:
When morning's golden promises have rolled away the
night,
It is cold in this my city, and the music all is lost.

M. C. Keane.

LIII.

Sunset in the Tropics.

How grandly--when throughout the silent day,
 Some ample Day, serene, divine,
 • • Beneath the glowing Line
 Our helpless ship had hung as in a trance
 In light-blue glassiness of calm that lay
 A wide expanse
 Encircled by soft depths of ether clear,
 Whose melting azure seemed to swim
 Surcharged and saturate with balmyest brilliancy--
 How grandly solemn was the Day's decline !
 Down as if wholly dropped from out the sky
 The fallen Sun's great disc w^{ould} lolling lie
 Upon the narrowed Ocean's very rim,
 Awfully near !
 A hush of expectation almost grim
 Wrapt all the pure, blank, empty hemisphere ;
 While straight across the gleaming crimson floor,
 From the unmoving Ship's black burnished side,
 There ran a golden pathway right into the core
 Of all that glittering splendour violet-dyed ;
 Whither 't seemed an easy task to follow
 The liquid ripples tremblingly o'erflowing
 • Into the intense and blinding hollow
 Of palpitating purple, showing
 The way as through an open door
 into some world of burning bliss, undreamt of heretofore.
 Whose heart would not have swelled, the while
 Deep adoration and delight came o'er him
 At that stupendous mystery, close before him !
 Not less, but more stupendous that he knew
 Perchance, whate'er the subtle surface-play

Of Science had to teach of level ray
 Reflected or refracted ; and could say,
 Nay, almost count the millions to a mile,
 How far ~~away~~

That pure quintessence of dark fire, deep-lying
 In fathomless Flame-Oceans round him flying,

His inconceivable circumference withdrew :

Knew all about the fringe of flames that skulk
 In ruddy dance about his moon-masked face,
 Set on like petals round a sunflower's disc—
 Each glorious petal shooting into space

Ten times as far as Earth's vast globe is thick :
 Ay ! or could prate about full many a world
 Worn out, and crushed to cinders, flying fleet,
 Or in cold black rotundity complete,
 Into his burning bosom headlong hurled,
 Just by collision to strike out fresh heat,

And feed with flame, renew and trim,

And keep for aye from falling dim

That monstrous and immeasurable wick—
 Say rather — everlastinglly keep bright
 That awful, mystic, God-created Light !

Alfred Domell.

LIV.

Picton Harbour by Night.

WARM is the night and still ; the misty clouds
 Obscure the moon so that there scarce is light
 Left in the world ; all round, the silent hills
 Sleep mystically ; and no night-haunting bird

Startles the glooming trees with mournful cry.
 Silent the harbour sleeps, but myriad lights
 Spread, phosphorescent, out from shore to shore —
 Ripples and streaks of fire that live and die
 Moment by moment, till the waters seem
 Like to a sky of darkest purplish-blue
 Turned upside down, and thick with silver stars

“ “ “
 Like silver phantoms round the weedy piles
 Of the dim-lighted wharf the fishes pass
 In endless-seeming lines from right to left,
 Ever the one direction following. Far away,
 And faint with distance, through the moonless air
 The steamer’s whistle sounds; anon her lights
 Shine, dim and misty, as she rounds the point,
 While answering lights glare out upon the wharf.
 She nearer comes—the water beneath her bows
 Is streaked with trembling lines of green and red
 And golden hues, that broad and broader grow
 As on she creeps, a larger-looming form
 Whose ever-throbbing engines beat and beat.

Now in her path the ghost-like silver fish —
 With sound of quick and sudden little waves
 Rising and dipping on a sandy shore —
 Affrighted leap; then for a moment sound
 Dies all away; and then breaks forth again
 In throb of engines, shouts, and rattling chains,
 And hissing steam, as to the trembling wharf
 The vessel is made fast. The flaring lamps
 Flicker and flame in the soft rainy air,
 And cast a glow upon the busy scene
 Of loading and unloading; silence flies
 Into the darkest hollows of the hill.

Clara Singer Poynter.

L.V.

The Mountain Spirit: a Glimpse of Mount Cook.

SAW ye a peak 'mid the ranges—
Majestic, where peaks are high—
Cradled in billows of sombre mist
Above where the keas fly?
Yon is a resting-place reserved
For kingly folk alone;
None but the bravest feet may touch
The Mountain Spirit's throne.

Watched ye at night o'er the ranges,
Through Earth's remotest ways,
Like shades of flit-off splendour, steal
A nameless purple haze?
'Tis a carpet of ether weaving
With restfulness replete
Laid down where gulley-ways would chafe
The Mountain Spirit's feet.

Heard ye the North Wind chasing
Repose from the digger's hut,
When the tumbling sluice had ceased to flow
And the hydrant lips were shut
By the hand of icy winter?
Ye trembled at the noise,
Not recognizing in your dread
The Mountain Spirit's voice.

Felt ye a heart-deep loneliness
Come o'er ye, as winter creeps,
When twilight set on your whare-roof
Away from the mountain peaks?

A longing to leave the paths and plains
 Wherever the feet might rove,
 For a hut on the shady range, to share
 The Mountain Spirit's love !

Daughters of pine-clad valleys !
 Sons of Zealandia's state !
 Children of splendour ! The Spirit calls,
 How long shall your answer wait ?
 A claim on the mountain range is yours,
 However its peaks may rise—
 For Ye are the Spirit's heirs—whose throne
 Cloud-lapped in the ranges lies.

John MacLennan.

I.VI.

Onawe.

PEACEFUL it is : the light glows and glistens
 On English grass ;
 Sweet are the sounds upon the ear that listens ; -
 • The winds that pass

Rustle the tussock, and the birds are calling,
 The sea below
 Murmurs, upon its beaches rising, falling,
 Soft, soft, and slow.—

All undisturbed the Pakeha's herds are creeping
 Along the hill ;
 On lazy tides the Pakeha's sails are sleeping,
 And all is still.

Here once the mighty Atua had his dwelling
 In mystery,  And hence weird sounds were heard at midnight, swelling
 Across the sea.

Here once the Haka sounded ; and din of battle
 Shook the gray crags,
 Triumphant shout, and agonized death-rattle
 Startled the shags.

And now such peace upon this isthmus narrow,
 With Maori blood
 Once red ! —these heaps of stones,—a greenstone arrow
 Rough-hewn and rude !

Gone is the Atua, and the hillsides lonely,
 The warriors dead ;
 No sight, no sound ! the weird wild wailing only
 Of gull instead.

Come not the Rangitira hither roaming
 As once of yore,
 To dance a ghostly Haka in the gloaming,
 And feast once more ?

Tena koe Pakeha ! within this fortification
 Grows English grass !—
 Tena koe ! subtle conqueror of a nation
 Doomed, doomed to pass !

Dora Wilcox.

LVII.

Bowen Falls, Milford Sound.¹

O WATERFALL that fallest to the sea,
Falling for ever to white virginals
Of olden melody! thy voice I hear
In molten moments of the summer stars
When the great sun is dead in majesty.

From the white fields of home like thee I came
Impetuous to the cliffs, and I have poured
Treasure of love on altars cold, as thou
Hast showered thy rainbow on the ~~grey~~ rocks,
That have not felt thy kiss and I would die.

Athwart the hollows of the moon-fed air
Come eider tremors of thy dying plunge,
Surceasing as child-tired eyelids droop
Upon a wavy bosom, rocked with love
Poured from the ~~heaven~~ for ever like thy song.

The moon is kissing thy keen diadem,
Sick for her barrenness, and all her face
Creeps to thy white arc down the precipice,
As I have nestled, yearning with wild eyes,
Into the umber chancels of a soul.

Hulbert Church.

¹ From *The West Wind*, by permission of the *Bulletin News-Paper Company, Limited.*

LVIII.

Spring in Maoriland.

THOU wilt come with suddenness,
Like a gull between the waves,
Or a snowdrop that doth pres;
Through the white shroud on the graves ;
Like a love too long withheld,
That at last has over-welled.

What if we have waited long,
B~~ro~~king by the Southern Pole,
Where the towering icebergs throng,
And the inky surges roll :
What can all their terror be
When thy fond winds compass thee ?

They shall blow through all the land
Fragrance of thy cloudy throne,
Underneath the rainbow spanned
Thou wilt enter in thine own,
And the glittering earth shall shine
Where thy footstep is divine.

Hubert Church.

LIX.

At Governor's Bay.

ACROSS the hills we went that day,
 • Across the hills—oh, golden time !—
 • The sea, the sky made one sweet rhyme,
 And nothing could our hearts affray.

We watched the mists that wreathed soft
 The hills with mystic robes of white,
 Then slowly swelled to forms of might—
 The armed guards of vale and croft.

And gentle wind blew up the pass,
 With scent of bracken, veitch and whin,
 And lavish largesse of their kin
 From broom's gold leafage shot with grass.

The blue bay slept in holy peace,
 Nor saw how clear it mirrored there
 The cliffs and islands floating near,
 Awaiting the sweet day's decease.

The apple-trees had leapt to life,
 And robed in fairy sheen they stood
 In many a tiny garden rood ;
 The whole wide world with joy was ripe.

That one white day I saw with you
 Those beauteous things beyond the hills,
 And heard low jinklings of the rills—
 That day was good. But such are few !

Dolce A. Cabot.

LX.

The Four Queens (Maoriland).

WELLINGTON.

HERE, where the surges of a world of sea
 Break on our bastioned walls with league-long sweep
 Four fair young queens their lonely splendour keep,
 Each in a city throned. The first is she
 Whose face is arrogant with empery ;
 Her throne from out the wounded hill-side steep
 Is rudely fashioned, and beneath her creep
 The narrow streets ; and, stretching broad and free,
 Like a green-waving meadow, lies the bay,
 With blossom-sails and flower-wavelets flecked.
 Elate she stands ; her brown and wind-blown hair
 Haloes a face with virgin freshness fair,
 As she receives, exuberant, erect,
 The stubborn homage that her sisters pay.

DUNEDIN.

And one is fair and winsome, and her face
 Is strung with winter's kisses, and is yet
 With winter's tears of parting sorrow wet ;
 And all her figure speaks of bonny grace.
 High on the circling hills her seat has place,
 Within a bower of the green bush set ;
 And 'neath her feet the city slopes—a net
 Of broad-built streets and green-girt garden space.
 Above her high the suburbs climb to crown
 Her city's battlements ; and in her thrall
 Lie sleeping fiords, and forests call her queen.
 About her waist she winds a belt of green,
 And on her gleaming city looking down,
 She hears the Siren South for ever call.

CHRISTCHURCH.

And one within a level city lies;
 To whose tree-shaded streets and squares succeeds
 A vista of white roads and bordering meads,
 Until each suburb in the great plain dies.
 The clustering spires to crown her fair head rise,
 And for a girdle round her form she leads
 The Avon, green with waving river-weeds
 And swept with swaying willows. And her eyes
 Are quiet with a student's reverie;
 And in the hair that clouds her dreaming face
 There lurks the fragrance of some older place,
 And memories awake to die again,
 As, confident and careless, glad and sorrow-free
 She waits, queen of the margeless golden plain.

AUCKLAND.

Set all about with walls, the last fair queen
 Over a tropic city holds her sway;
 Her throne on sleeping Eden, whence through gray
 And red-strewn roads and gleaming gardens green
 The city wanders on, and seems to lean
 To bathe her beauty in the cool, clear bay,
 That our past isle and islet winds its way
 To the wide ocean. In her hair a sheen
 Of sunlight lives; her face is sweetly pale—
 A queen who seems too young and maidenly,
 Her beauty all too delicate and frail,
 To hold a sway imperious. But forth
 From deep, dark eyes, that dreaming seem to be,
 There shine the strength and passion of the North.

Arthur H. Adams.

LXI.

The River Avon.

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium." — HORACE.

I LOVE thee, Avon ! though thy banks have known
 No deed of note, thy wand'ring course along,
 No bard of Avon hath poured forth in song
 Thy tuneful praise ; thy modest tide hath flown
 For ages on, unheeded and alone.

I love thee for thy English name, but more
 Because my countrymen along thy shore
 Have made new homes. Therefore not all unknown
 Henceforth thy streams shall flow. A little while
 Shall see thy wastes grow lovely. Not in vain
 Shall England's sons dwell by thee many a mile.
 With verdant meads and fields of waving grain
 Thy rough, uncultured banks ere long shall smile ;
 Heaven-pointing spires shall beautify thy plain.

Henry Jacobs.

LXII.

Wellington.

RUGGED she stands, no garlands of bright flowers
 Bind her swart brows, no pleasant forest shades
 Mantle with twining branches her high hills,
 No leaping brooks fall singing to her sea.
 Hers are no meadows green, nor ordered parks ;
 Not hers the gladness nor the light of song,
 Nor cares she for my singing.

Rudely scarred
 Her guardian hills encircle her pent streets,
 Loud with the voices and the steps of trade;
 And in her bay the ships of east and west
 Meet and cast anchor.

Hers the pride of place
 In shop and mart, no languid beauty she
 Spreading her soft limbs among dreaming flowers,
 But rough and strenuous, red with rudest health,
 Tossing her blown hair from her eager eyes
 That look afar, filled with the gleam of power,
 She stands the strong queen city of the south.

David McKee Wright.

LXIII.

Victoria College.

THOU shalt be greater than the city that lies
 Beneath thee, though the wave curve tender foam
 Athwart her beach, thou hast a fairer home
 Where mountains watch thee with eternal eyes.
 Within thy sanctuary men shall prize
 The charm of Greece, the majesty of Rome,
 And Science through thy starry-circled dome
 Shall trail her robe of imagined dyes.
 As thou hast gathered round thee all that brood
 Of sacrifice for knowledge, who foresee
 Regeneration, humbleness, and faith
 Won through the yoke of Pallas, thou shalt be
 Memory for those that build thy walls when death
 Had given them else forgotten solitude.

Hubert Church.

LXIV.

Nelson.

BLUE foamy sea, high circling hills
 With dreaming garden squares between,
 An old-world fragrance breathing soft
 Amid the waving green. "

Here trade's loud wheels but slowly turn,
 Here men may pause and joy to live,
 And take the seasons as they change
 With all they have to give.

Here there is room to breathe and think,
 Here there is space for souls to grow,
 And life may run as pleasantly
 As Maitai's waters flow.

David McKee Wright.

LXV.

Saturday Night.

SATURDAY night in the crowded town ;
 Pleasure and pain going up and down.
 Murmuring low on the ear there beat
 Echoes unceasing o' voice and feet.
 Withered age with its load of care,
 Come in this tumult of life to share,

Childhood glad in its radiance brief,
 Happiest-hearted or bow'd with grief,
 Meet alike, as the stars look down
 Week by week on the crowded town.

*And in a kingdom of mystery
 Rapt from this weariful world to see
 Magic sights in the yellow glare,
 Breathing delight in the gas-lit air,
 Careless of sorrow, of grief or pain,
 Two by two, again and again,
 Strephon and Chloe together move
 Walking in Arcady, land of love!*

What are the meanings that burden all
 These murmuring voices that rise and fall?
 Tragedies whispered of, secrets told,
 Over the baskets of bought and sold ;
 Joyous speech of the lately wed ;
 Broken lamentings that name the dead :
 Endless runes of the gossip's rede ;
 And, gathered home with the weekly need,
 Kindly greetings, as neighbours meet
 There in the stir of the busy street.

Then is the glare of the gaslight ray
 Gifted with potency strange to-day.
 Records of time-written history
 Flash into sight as each face goes by.
 There as the hundreds slow moving go,
 Each with his burden of joy or woe,
 Souls, in the meeting of strangers' eyes
 Startled this kinship to recognize,
 Meet and part, as the stars look down
 Week by week on the crowded town.

*And still, in the midst of the busy hum,
Rapt in their dreams of delight, they come.
Hedless of sorrow, of grief, or care,
Wandering on in enchanted air,
Far from the haunting shadow of pain;
Two by two, again and again,
Strephon and Chloe together move,
Walking in Arcady, land of love.*

Mary Colborne-Veel.

LXVI.

The City from the Hills.

THEIR lies our city folded in the mist,
Like a great meadow in an early morn
Flinging her spears of grass up through white films,
Each with its thousand thousand-tinted globes.

Above us such an air as poets dream,
The clean and vast wing-winnowed clime of Heaven.

Each of her streets is closed with shining Alps,
Like Heaven at the end of long plain lives.

Arnold Wall.

LXVII.

The City in the Plains.

- **I**n a silvern afternoon
- ▷ We saw the city sleeping,
Sleeping and rustling a little
Under the brindled hills.
Spectres of Alps behind,
Alps behind and beyond,
Tall, naked, and blue.
The city sleeps in the plain—
A flight of glittering scales
Flung in a wanton curve,
Sinking softly to earth
Flung from a Titan's palm
In the silver afternoon
All round the shining city,
A thousand thousand sheaves
Loll in the golden plain ;
On goes the stately wain,
The dun hind striding by it,
Beside the elms and willows,
Between the Alps and the sea.

Arnold Wall.

LXVIII.

The White Convolvulus.

THE one gray spire of the scattered town
On an ocean of rolling green looked down,
Billowy masses of verdure fair,
Motionless all in the windless air.

Rising and sinking in dip and crest,
But never a motion, all at rest;
As though some wizard with strange decree,
Had said, "Be still," to a spell-bound sea.

Over the leafy wave-tops high,
In the fresh, sweet air of the morning sky,
Sole speck of black in the shining day,
One hawk was winging his lazy way.

Dark as a reef by the ebb-tide strip
Rose into masses the eucalypt.
Laburnums nigh with the ringlets bold
Dangled their lanterns of shaking gold.

Piercing the leaves in its morning flight,
Filling the flood with a dusky light,
The sunshine fell on a river clear,
Flashing and vanishing far and near.

The rain-washed sky was a shield of blue,
The flowers ungathered, the long grass new.
Everywhere vigour and sap were rise,
Full of the heat and the wine of life.

THE WHITE CONVOLVULUS.

Ranges on ranges, far crest on crest,
The long Alp-barriers closed the West,
Like the walls of the Median city old,
A guardian girdle sevenfold.

There grimnest ridges looked softer through
The clinging film of their gentle blue,
Where high in the haze of the summits show
The cool, faint streaks of belated snow.

And all, from the mountain, the great plain o'er,
To the sickle-blade of the curving shore,
From earth below to the heaven's height,
Was pierced and filled with the living light.

Many and many a flower-maid,
For her tender beauty half afraid,
Loosed for the Lord of the Day her zone,
Seen by the wandering wind alone.

The fragile lilac, alas! was fled
With the delicate breath of the springtide dead,
Swift as a vision of vanished youth,
Briefest and fleetest, a dream of ruth.

But the ruddy may in the hedges grew,
The satin wings of the white flag flew,
And the dandelion's orange clots
Were stars in a thousand wastrel plots.

The rose's poetry, poppy's prose,
The braggart peony's wrathful rows
By the dainty pink and the pansy stood,
Where iris flaunted her purple hood.

Beautiful all. But we passed them thru,
 Passed to a snowy convolvulus
 White in the air o'er the waters flow,
 Shadowy, wan in the wave below.

Goblet ethereal swaying clear,
 Pale as the stars on a midnight mere,
 Thinner than shells that in ocean lie
 Or pinion carven of ivory.

Cup of aërial beauty made,
 Touched by no tarnish of earth it swayed,
 And as it answered the air's light breath,
 An image waved in the stream beneath.

As the milk-white flower from side to side
 Swung like a bell o'er the cool green tide,
 Leaning and dreaming we listened low
 For clear bell-music anigh the flow.

Poets there be who have ears to hear
 The star's high music 'twixt sphere and sphere
 Lovers there be who in golden' hours
 May know the voices of earth's frail flowers.

Lovers twain we were happy there
 In a glory neither of earth nor air,
 And each through the other's soul could well
 The music catch of the fairy bell.

Faint as the sough of a desert tree
 When a slow wind stirs it carelessly,
 Light as the murmur of dancing flame
 Its voice in the hush of the morning came:—

“I am a daughter of air and light,
Of bird and willow the playmate white,
Fed on the fire of our god the sun,
Not by desire of a mortal won.

“Withering, dying at mortal touch,
I fade away in the spoiler’s clutch,
Never in prison to droop my span,
In the heavy air of the house of man.

“But here I nod to the drowsy wind,
In a tremulous hammock of tendrils twined,
Eyeing my friends on their journey by,
The honey-sucker and dragon-fly.

“Watching them ruffle the ~~glass~~ floor
Of the long, green, arching corridor,
Whose whispering willows dip and rise,
Cutting the stream as the current flies.

“In the dim sweet water-world are seen
Mazes of streaming and shifting green,
And deeper, dreaming beyond, a few
Silvery clouds in the bowl of blue.

“And there I gaze at the spectral sky,
The ghost of the rocking sphere on high,
Till touched by twilight my flower is furled,
And my shadow steals from the water-world.

“I must be free as the wildest thing,
In the leafy tangle to curl and cling,
Free to laugh in the beams of day,
Free on the blast to be borne away.

TE RAUPO.

“ Not waiting sadly to die a-cold,
 My petals trampled in rotting mould,
 But rapt and lost when my life is past
 In the shining spaces of air at last.”

William Pember Reeves.

LXIX.

Te Raupo.

DOWN in a valley,
 Hemmed in by mountains,
~~W~~aves a river
 Vivid and verdant.
 Foot may not ford it,
 Craft may not stem it;
 Which way the wind blows,
 So sets its current.

Home of the old witch,
 Fain she would lure thee
 Down to destruction,
 Whispering softly:
 “ Come tread my raupo,
 Safe it will bear thee
 O'er the moass.”
 Deaf to her charming,
 Deaf to her wooing,
 Pauses the wise man;
 Ay, though each raupo
 Bends in obeisance,
 Whispering “ Try us.”

Down in the valley,
Hemmed in by mountains,
Vivid and verdant,
O'er the morass.
Bends to the East wind,
Bows to the West wind,
Wooing the stranger
To his undoing,
Raupo kakino.

M. A. Sinclair.

LXX.

Mount Tarawera.

IN sunshine stretching lightly o'er
The Lake's far end from shore to shore,
Long stripes of gauze-like awning lay—
In stripes serene and white as they,
Repeated on its bright blue floor:
And many a rocky rugged bluff,
With crimson-blossoming boscage rough,
O'er beetling crest and crevice hung;—
White cliff or dark-green hill afar
With patches bleached of scarp and scar—
Stood boldly forward sunrise-fired,
Or back in sun-filled mist retired.
Untrembling, round the glistening rim
Of that expanse of blooming blue,
From headland bright or inlet's brim,
Long fringes of reflection hung.

MOUNT TARAWERA.

Its ramparts stretched along the sky,
 One mighty Mountain reared on high
 Far o'er the rest a level crest,
 With jutting rounded parapet
 And rude rock-corbels rough-beset,
 Half-blurred by time and tempest's fret ;
 While smooth its slopes came sweeping down
 From that abraded cornice brown.
 The mountain this, the ruddy steep,
 That Ranolf, sun-awaked from sleep,
 So longed to scale; and high in air
 In glad imagination share
 Its sky-possessing majesty
 Of haughty isolation!—there
 Into each dark recess to pry
~~And~~ ~~secret~~ sight and secret see
 Its lofty level might reveal,
 Or those grim fissures' depths conceal,
 That split the Mountain into three.

About the heights, soft clouds, a few,
 Clung here and there like floating flue;
 Like helpless sea-birds breeze-bereft,
 Unmoving spread their pinions white—
 From jutting crag, deep-bathed in light,
 To slip away in snowy flight ;
 Or closely crouched in shadowy cleft,
 Like lambing ewes the flock has left.
 Below, o'erjoyed at darkness fleeing,
 Reviving Nature woke again
 To all the exceeding bliss of being !
 The minnows leapt the liquid plain
 In shoals—each silvery-shivering train,
 A sudden dash of sprinkled rain !
 The wild-ducks' black and tiny fleet
 Shot in and out their shy retreat;
 The cormorant left his crowded tree

And stretched his tinselled neck for sea;
 All Nature's feathered favourites poured
 To their adored undoubted Lord
 Of light and heat, accordance sweet
 Of pure impassioned revelry;
 And honey-bird and mocking-bird
 And he of clearest melody,
 The blossom-loving bell-bird—each
 Delicious-throated devotee
 In happy ignorance framed to be
 Content with rapture—longing-free
 For life or love they cannot reach—
 Like chimes rich-tuned, to heaven preferred
 The praise of their mellifluous glee;
 Each lurking lyrist of the grove
 With all his might sang all his love;
 Till every foliage-filled ravine
 And bower of amaranthine green
 Rang persevering ecstasy.

Alfred Domell.

LXXI.

The Strayed Albatross.

HERE where the City's sound
 Floods o'er his dumb distress,
 A storm-bound wanderer, bound
 In bondage pitiless,
 He waits what doom may rise:
 Bewildered patience in his eyes.

Unknown creations bend
 Strange looks on his sad grace;
 Strange panic dreads attend
 This alien of a race
 Unskilled to live or die
 Apart from sea and sky.

The soft deep breast that yet
 Thrilled to no thought of care,
 The strong, suave seas that met
 Or sweet long rush of air,
 Now on the pavement stone
 Throbs, faints, to fears alone.

The young free creature, winged
 Touset where wild winds blow,
 On crags by breakers ringed
 To nest where none may know,—
 What guilt was his, to gain
 This human height of pain?

Suffering, poor bird, as may
 Only young souls in grief:
 Who see transformed the gay
 Glad world of their belief;
 And wait what doom may rise,
 Bewildered patience in their eyes.

Mary Colborne-Veel.

LXXII.

Bell-birds.

THE bell-birds in the magic woods,

• Oh, hearken to the witching strain:

It flows and fills in silver floods,

And fills and flows again.

A golden dawn, with blood-red wings,
Flies low along the shades of night.

Oh, hearken how the carol springs,

And trembles with delight.

The forest leaves are all afire,

The bell-birds skim from bough to bough;

Oh, listen to the holy choir,

So liquid and so low.

Oh, hush! oh, hear! A goblin chime,

The dew-drop trembles on the branch;

A solo sweet, a scattered rhyme,

A golden avalanche.

The fruits are picked, the ovely throng

Have flown, and sung their parting strain;

But such a ~~witchey~~ of song

We shall not hear again!

William Satchell.

LXXXIII.

To the Makomako, or Bell-bird.

(Now rapidly dying out of our land.)

MERRY chimer, merry chimer,
Oh, sing once more,
Again outpour,
Like some long-applauded mimer,
All thy vocal store.

Alas! we now but seldom hear
Thy rich, full note
Arrowed us float,
For thou seem'st doomed to disappear,
E'en from woods remote.

Some say the stranger honey-bee,
By white men brought,
This ill hath wrought;
It steals the honey from the tree,
And it leaves thee naught.

The songsters of our Fatherland
We hither bring,
And here they sing,
Reminding of that distant strand
Whence old mœn'ries spring.

But as the old we love the new;
Fain we'd retain
Thy chiming strain,
Thy purple throat and olive hue:
Yet we wish in vain.

Thy doom is fixed by Nature's law;
 Why, none can tell.
 Therefore farewell;
 We'll miss thy voice from leafy shaw,
 Living silver bell.

Why should we ever know new joys,
 If thus they pass?
 Leaving, alas!
 Wistful regret, which much alloys
 All that man now has.

Alexander Bathgate.

LXXIV.

Twilight and the Makomako.

NIGHT on the forest is falling,
 Slowly the day leaves the hill,
 Birds from the coverts are calling,
 Calling in tinkle and trill :

Medley of harmony ringing,
 Musical, mellow and chiming :
 Night-airs a-saiver with singing,—
 Jangle of sweetness and rimeing !

Twilight is gone from the hill,
 Dark are the woods to the moon ;
 All the sweet voices are still,
 "Darkness has come too soon.—

One lone bird forgets
 That the white moon is climbing ;
 While over a hill a star sets,
 It is chiming and chiming :—

Bell-birds, softer than bells,
 Bell-bird, ever in tune,
 What god in your bosom dwells ? —
 What passion your bosom swells
 As you chime to the clipping moon ?

Johannes C. Andersen.

LXXV.

Ti-trees and the Kukupa.

A GROVE of the southern palm
 On an islet, alone
 In the bosom unrippled and calm
 Of a lake with its mountain-zone :

The wild bee's singing
 Has ceased in the great white bloom ;
 And the once gay-scented plume
 Hangs lazily swingin'g :

White ? it is still milk-white
 In its green top serried,
 Still milk-white,—
 But drooping, heavily serried.

In the midst, iridescent and glowing,
 Full-breasted, bead-eyed,
 Bright as the Argus showing,
 Not knowing its pride,—
 (Low and gentle the call,
 Cooing, and cooing :
 Wood-pigeons ; that is all,
 Cooing and wooing.)

Johannes C. Andersen.

LXXVI.

The Legend of Papa and Rangi.

THERE was NIGHT at the first—the great Darkness. Then PAPA, the Earth ever genial, general Mother, And our Father, fair RANGI—the Sky—in commixture unbounded confusedly clave to each other ; And between them close cramped lay their children gigantic—all Gods. He the mightiest, eldest, the Moulder And Maker of 'Man—whose delight is in heroes— TUMATAU—the Courage-inspirer, the Battle-upholder ; TANGAROA, far-foaming, the Sire of the myriads that silvery cleave the cerulean waters ; And the solemn and bounteous TANE, who gathers his stateliest, ever-green, tress-waving daughters Into forests, the sunny, the songster-bethridden ; then RONGO—the peaceful, the kindly provider Of the roots that with culture are milkiest, pithiest ; he too, who flings them in wider and wider

Profusion uncultured, nor needing it—HAUMIA; lastly,
 the fiercest of any, the Rider
 Of Tempests—TAWHIRI, joy-wild when his sons—when
 the Winds multitudinous rush with the rattle
 Of hail and the sting of sharp showers and the hurry of
 turbulent clouds to aerial battle.
 All these did the weight of vast Rangi o'erwhelm; there
 restlessly, rampantly, brother on brother
 Lay writhing and wrestling in vain to get free from the
 infinite coil and confusion and smother;
 Till the forest-God, Tane, with one mighty wrench irre-
 sistible prized his great parents asunder—
 With his knotty and numberless talons held down—held
 the Earth and its mountain magnificence under,
 Heaved the Heavens aloft with a million broad limbs
 shot on high, all together rebounding, resilient:
 Then at once came ~~the~~ LIGHT intersufused, interflowing—
 serenely soft-eddying, crystalline—brilliant!—
 Now the Sons all remained with the Earth but Tawhiri;
 he, sole, in tempestuous resentment receding
 Swept away at the skirts of his Father—the Sky; but
 swiftly to vengeance and victory leading
 His livid battalions, returned in his terrors, his kindred
 with torment and torture to hurry:
 Tangaroa rolled howling before him—even Tane bowed
 down; could his blast-besplit progeny parry
 His blows, or withstand the full pelt of his torrents that
 flung them o'er wastes of white Ocean to welter?
 Could Rongo do more e'er he fled than conceal in
 the warmth of Earth's bosom his children for
 shelter?—
 No! they shrank from the Storm-God amazed and
 affrighted. One brother—Tumatau—alone durst
 abide him,
 Tumatau and Man stood before him unswerving, deserted
 by all, disregarded, defied him!

But Man that defection still punishes daily ; with snare,
 net and spear still their offspring he chases,
 Tangaroa's and Tane's—the feathered—the finny ; still
 turns up and tears from her tender embraces
 All that Rongo has laid in the lap of his Mother ; while
 fiercely Tawhiri still plagues *all* their races—
 Ever wreaks his wild anger on blue Tangaroa, and whirls
 into spray-wreaths the billows he lashes—
 On the Earth whose rich berries and blossoms he scatters
 and scathes ; on the forests he splinters and crashes ;
 And on Man who stands firm when his thunder is loudest
 and laughs when his lightning incessantly flashes !

Alfred Domett.

LXXVII.

R o n a.

RONA, Rona, sister olden,—
 Rona is the moon !
 You'll never break your prison golden,
 Never, late or soon !

Rona, for her crying daughter,
 At the dead of night
 Took the gourd and went for water,—
 Went without a light.

There she heard the owlets wrangle
 With an angry hoot :
 Stick and stone and thorny tangle
 Wounded Rona's foot.

“ Boil the moon !” she said in passion ;
 “ Boil your lazy head !
 Hiding thus in idle fashion
 In your starry bed !”

Angry was the moon in heaven ;
 Down to earth she came :—
 “ Stay you ever unforgiven
 For the word of shame !

Up !—You made the moon a byword—
 Up and dwell with me !”
 Rona felt the drawing skyward,—
 Seized a ngaio tree.

But from earth the ngaio parted
 Like a bitten thread :
 Like a comet, upward darted
 Rona overhead.

In the moon is Rona sitting,
 Never to be free ;
 With the gourd she held in flitting,
 And the ngaio tree.

Rona and the moon together
 Wage unending strife :
 Deep in the abysses neither
 One had yielded life

But for it, the Lake of Heaven,
 Great Waiora cool :
 Where they wash for evens sever,
 In the crystal pool.

• The Waiora's living waters
 Purge the battle stain ;
 There the ancient angry daughters
 Lave and grow again.

You'll never break the prison golden,—
 Never, late or soon,
 Rona, Rona, sister olden,—
 Rona in the moon !

— *Jessie Mackay.*

LXXVIII.

The Coming of Te Rauparaha.

BLUE, the wreaths of smoke, like drooping banners
 From the flaming battlements of sunset
 Hung suspended ; and within his whare
 Hipe, last of Ngatiraukawa's chieftains,
 Lay a-dying ! Ringed about his death-bed,
 Like a palisade of ~~ca~~ven figures,
 Stood the silent people of the village—
 Warriors and women of his hapu—
 Waiting. Then a sudden spilth of sunlight
 Splashed upon the mountain-peak above them,
 And it blossomed redly like a rata.

With his people and the twilight pausing ;
 Withering to death in regal patience,
 Taciturn and grim, lay Hipe dying.

Shuddering and green, a little lizard
 Made a ~~ri~~pple through the whare's darkness,

Writhing close to Hipe ! Then a whisper
 On the women's dry lips hesitated
 As the ring of figures fluttered backwards ;
 " 'Tis the Spirit-Thing that comes to carry
 Hipe's tardy soul across the waters
 To the world of stars ! " And Hipe, grimly,
 Felt its hungry eyes a-glitter on him ;
 Then he knew the spirit-world had called him ;
 Knew the lizard-messenger must hasten,
 And would carry back a soul for answer.

Twenty days in silence he had listened,
 Dumb with thoughts of death, and sorely troubled
 For his tribe left leaderless and lonely.

Now like sullen thunder from the blackness
 Of the whare swept a voice untinctured
 With a stain of sickness ; and the women,
 Breaking backwards, shrieked in sudden terror,
 " 'Tis the weird Thing's voice, the greenish lizard,
 All-impatient for the soul of Hipe ! "
 But the warriors in the shadow straightened
 Drooping shoulders, gripped their greenstone meres,
 And the rhythmic tumult of the war-dance
 Swept the great pah with its throbbing thunder :
 While their glad throats chanted, " E, 'tis Hipe !
 Hipe's voice that led us in the battle ;
 Hipe, young, come back to lead us ever ! "
 " Warriors and women of my hapu, "
 Whirled the voice of Hipe from the darkness,
 " I have had communion with the spirits ;
 Listen while I chant the song they taught me !

" I have seen the coming end of all things,
 Seen the Maori shattered 'neath the onrush
 Of the white-faced strangers. Like the flashing

Of the Sun-God through the ranks of darkness,
 Like the Fire-God rippling through the forest,
 Like the winter's silent blight of snowflakes—
 Lo, the strange outbreak of pallid blossoms—
 Sweeps this surging wave of stranger-faces,
 Frothing irresistibly upon us.

“ Lo, the Pakeha shall come and conquer ;
 We have failed ; the Gods are angry with us.
 See, the withered autumn of our greatness !

“ Old ancestral myths and sacred legends
 That we deemed immortal—(priest and wizard
 Died, and yet their stories, like a river,
 Through the long years ran on, ever changeless !)—
 Shall be buried ; and the names long given
 To each hill, and stream, and path and gully,
 Shall be like a yesterday forgotten,
 Blown like trembling froth before the sea-breeze.

“ And the gods that people all our islands—
 This great sea of presences immortal,
 Living, real, alert for charm or evil,
 Hurrying in every breeze, and haunting,
 Heavy-winged, the vistas of the forest,
 Deluging the day-light with their presence,
 Teeming, flooding, brimming in the shadows—
 Shall be banished to their spirit-regions,
 And the world be torn of gods and lonely.

“ And the Maori shal'no long time linger
 Ere, a tardy exile, he shall journey
 To the under-world. Yet he shall never
 Break before this influx, but shall fight on
 Till, a mangled thing, the tide o'erwhelm him.
 And my wife, the might Ngatiraukawa,

Had they left one worthy chieftain only "
 Who could lead my people on to victory,
 Who could follow where my feet have trodden,
 Might yet rear their name into a pillar
 Carved with fame, until their stubborn story
 From the mists of legend broke tremendous,
 Flaming through the chilly years to follow
 With a sunset-splendour, huge, heroic !"

So he ceased, and tremulous the silence
 Sighed to voice in one long wail of sorrow.
 So ; it was the truth that Hipe taught them :
 None was left to lead them on to victory ;
 None could follow where his feet had trodden.

Then by name old Hipe called the chieftains—
 Weakling sons of that gaunt wrinkled giant,
 Stunted saplings blanching in the shadow
 Of the old tree's overarching greatness.
 One by one he called them, and they shivered,
 For they knew no answer to his question,
 "Can you lead my people on to victory ?
 Can you follow where my feet have trodden ?"

Then the old chief in his anger chanted
 Frenziedly a song of scorn of all things,
 And the frightened people of the village—
 Warriors and women of his hapu—
 Quavered into murmurs 'neath the whirlwind
 Of his lashing words ; and then he fretted
 Into gusts of anger ; and the lizard
 Made a greenish ripple in the darkness,
 Shuddering closer to him. And the people
 Bending heard a whisper pass above them,
 "Is there none to lead you on to victory,
 None to follow where my feet have trodden ?"

Lo, a sudden rumour from the edges
 Of the silent concourse, where the humblest
 Of the village couched in utter baseness—
 There among the outcasts one leapt upright,
 Clean-limbed, straight and comely as a sunbeam,
 Eager muscles clad in tawny velvet,
 Eyes aflash with prescience of his power,
 Yet a boy, untried in warriors' warfare,

Virgin to the battle ! And untroubled
 Rang a daring voice across the darkness,
 "Yes, my people, one there is to lead you ;
 I dare point you on to fame and victory,
 I dare tread where Hipe's feet have trodden.
 Yea," and prouder rang the voice above them,
 "I can promise mightier fame unending ;
 I shall lead where Hipe dared not tempt you ;
 I shall make new footprints through the future—
 I, the youth Te Rauparaha, have spoken !"

On the boy who braved them stormed the people,
 Swept with fear and anger, and they clamoured,
 "Who so proudly speaks, though not a chieftain ?
 Rank and name and fame he has none ; how then
 Dare he lead when sons of chieftains falter !"

But the boy leapt forward to the whare,
 Clean-limbed, straight and comely as a sunbeam,
 Eager muscles clad in tawny velvet,
 Eyes aflash with prescience of his power,
 Swinging high the mere he had fashioned
 Out of wood, and carven like a chieftain's—
 Ay, and with the toy had slain a foeman !
 Flinging fiery speech out like a hailstorm,

"If ye choose me chieftain I shall lead you
 Down to meet the white one on the sea-coast,
 Where his hordes shall break like scattered billows
 From our wall of meres. Him o'erwhelming,

"I shall wrest his flaming weapons from him,
 Fortify for pah the rugged island
 Kapiti; then like a black hawk swooping
 I shall whirl upon the Southern island,
 Sweep it with my name as with a tempest,
 Overrun it like the play of sunlight,
 Sigh across it like a flame, till Terror
 Runs before me shrieking ! And our pathway
 Shall be sullen red with flames and bloodshed,
 And shall moan with massacre and battle !

"Quenching every foe, beneath my mana
 Tribe shall stand with tribe, till all my nation
 Like a harsh impassive wall of forest
 Imperturbably shall front the strangers. . . .

"Then the name of me, Te Rauparaha,
 And the tribe I lead, the Ngatitoa,
 Shall be shrined in sacred myth and legend
 With the glamour of our oft-told prowess
 Wreathed about them ! Think, we shall be saviours
 Of a race, a nation ! And this island
 We have sown so thick with names—each hillock,
 Glen and gully, stream and tribal limit—
 Shall for ever blossom like a garden.

With the liquid softness of their music !
 And the flute shall still across the evening
 Lilt and waver, brimming with love's yearning ! . . .

Hipe heard, and, dying, cried in triumph,
 "Warriors and women of my hapu,
 He shall lead you, he, Te Rauparaha.
 He shall do the things that he has promised.
 He may fail; but think how grand his failure!
 He alone can lift against the tempest
 That proud head of his, and hugely daring,
 God-like, hugely fail, or hugely conquer!"

Still he spoke, but suddenly the lizard
 Made a greenish ripple through the darkness,
 And was gone! Upon the long lone journey
 To Te Reinga and the world of spirits
 It had started with the soul of Hipe!

Then the plaintive wailing of the women
 Quavered through the darkness, and a shudder
 Took the slaves that in a horror waited
 For the mercy of the blow to send them—
 Ah! the sombre, slowly-stepping phalanx—
 To the twilight world with Hipe's spirit.

Arthur H. Adams.

LXXIX.

The March of Te Rauparaha.

RAUPARAHĀ's war chant,
 Rauparaha's fame-song,
 Rauparaha's story
 Told on the harp-strings,

Pakeha harp-chords
Tuned by the stranger.

Moan the waves,
Moan the waves,
Moan the waves as they wash Tainui,
Moan the waves of dark Kawhia,
Moan the winds as they sweep the gorge,
Wafting the sad laments and *wi:ngs*
Of the spirits that haunt the mountains—
Warrior souls, whose skeletons slumber
Down in the caverns, lonely and dreary,
Under the feet of the fierce volcano,
Under the slopes of the Awaroa !

Moan the winds,
Moan the winds,
Moan the winds, and waves, and waters,
Moan they over the ages vanished,
Moan they over the tombs of heroes,
Moan they over the mighty chieftains
Sprung from giants of far Hawaiki !
Moan they over the bones of Raka,
Moan they over the Rangatira
Toa, who founded the Ngatitoa !
Moan they over Wera Wera,
Sire of him,
Sire of him,
Sire of him they called Te Rauparaha !
Echoes of the craggy reeks,
Echoes of the rocky peaks,
Echoes of the gloomy glens,
Echoes of the moaning waves,
Echoes of the gorges deep,
Echoes of the winds that sweep ^{up} _{over} O'er Pirongia's summit steep,

- Chant the Rangatira's praise,
Chant it in a thousand lays,
Chant the Rangatira's fame,
Chant the Rangatira's name,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!
- Sound his praises far and near,
For his spirit still is here
— Flying through the gusty shocks,
— When the sea-ghosts climb the rocks
Clad in foam shrouds, thick and pale,
Woven by the howling gale
In the ocean's monster loom!
Warp of green and west of gloom
Woven into sheets of white
By the wizards of the night;
- Chant his name each ocean sprite,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha!

“ The sea rushed up with plunging shocks,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
To claim the land and beat the rocks,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
The rocks stood firm and broke the waves;
So stood the Ngatitoa braves—
Ngatitoa's foes are slaves,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !

“ The stars came out to match the sun,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
To claim the crow'n that he had won,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
The sun shot forth its brightest rays,
And quenched the stars in fiery blaze;
Then chant the Ngatitoa's praise,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !

THE LAST HAKA.

“ The Tuis came the Hawk to kill,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
 And yet the Hawk is living still,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
 The Hawk can soar, the Hawk can fight—
 The Tuis tried to stay his flight—
 The Hawk shall have a feast to-night,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !

• • • • •
 “ Slaves should have but little words,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
 Little songs for little birds,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
 Little Tuis should not try
 With their little wings to fly
 Where the Hawk is perched on high,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !”

Thomas Bracken.

LXXX.

The Last Haka.

AND then they danced their last war-dance to gain
 The physical fever of the blood and brain
 That might their dashed and drooping spirit sustain,
 Nor let their flagging courage fail or flinch.
 Then formal frenzy in full play was seen ;
 The dancers seemed a mob of maniacs, swayed
 By one insane volition, all obeyed,
 Their mad gesticulations to enact
 With frantic uniformity, exact

As some innumerably-limbed machine,
 With rows of corresponding joints compact
 All one way working from a single winch :
 The leaping, dense, conglomerate mass of men
 Now all together off the ground—in air—
 Like some vast bird a moment's space—and then
 Down, with a single ponderous shock, again
 Down, thundering on the groaning, trembling plain !
 And every gesture fury could devise
 And practice ~~regular~~ was rampant there ;
 The loud slaps sounding on five hundred thighs ;
 Five hundred hideous faces drawn aside,
 Distorted with one paroxysm wide ;
 Five hundred tongues like one, protruding red,
 Thrust straining out to taunt, defy, deride ;
 And the cold glitter of a thousand eyes
 Upturning white far back into the head ;
 The heads from side to side with scorn all jerking
 And demon-spite, as if the wearers tried
 To jerk them off those frantic bodies working
 With such convulsive energy the while !
 —Thus—and with grinding, gnashing teeth, and fierce
 Explosions deep in oft narrated style,
 Those volleyed parts of heartfelt execration ;
 Or showers of shuddering, hissing groans that pierce
 The air with harsh accordance, like the crash
 When regiments their returning ramrods dash
 Sharp down the barrel-grooves with quivering clang
 In myriad-ringing unison—they lash
 Their maddened souls to madder desperation !—
 Thus all the day their fury hissed and rang ;
 So groaned, leapt, foamed, grimaced they o'er and o'er ;
 Till all were burning, ere the Sun should soar,
 Against that stubborn Fort to fling themselves once
 more.

Alfred Domett.

LXXXI.

The Curse of Tuhotu.

Woe to the seekers of pleasure !
 Woe to the Maori race !
 Woe to this time and place !
 For filled is the wrathful measure,
 And Vengeance cometh apace ;
 Only a little space,
 And a man will give all his treasure
 To be hid from the angry face
 Of a justly-incensed God !
 The earth shall quake at His nod,
 And the hills dissolve in fire
 Before His enkindled ire !

Woe to Wairoa the gay !
 I see her at close of day,
 Go like a child to sleep ;
 I see her, ere morning breaks,
 Wake, as a madman wakes
 From a dream of the nethermost deep !

The earth is rent asunder,
 The heavens are black as a pall ;
 The bright flames rise and fall ;
 Deep rumblings come from under,
 While high in air
 'Mid the lightning's glare,
 Bellows the angry thunder !
 Wairoa is gone—is fled—
 The wicked ones all are dead !

Woe to Ariki the proud !
 Humbled shall be her pride.
 She smiles on the fair hill-side :
 But I see the gathering cloud—
 I hear the mutterings loud.
 O God ! the cloud has burst !
 In a rain of living fire
 I see Ariki expire,
 By ~~sloth~~ and sin accurst !

Woe unto Moura, woe !
 She is dreaming of peace and rest,
 Like a bird in its quiet nest,
 While the blue lake lies below.
 Her sons to folly wander ;
 The stranger's gold they claim ;
 To the stranger's vice they pander—
 They sell her daughters' shame !
 God stamps His foot in anger,
 The earth's foundations shake :
 For Moura weep,
 She lieth deep
 In Tarawera's lake !

Waitangi, thy waters of wailing
 Are lamenting, unavailing,
 Too late to avert thy doom !
 Too late doth thy conscience waken,
 For, in sin and shame o'er taken,
 Thy glory shall sink in gloom !
 Mourn, ye weeping waters,
 The fate of ~~your~~ sons and daughters
 Who sleep in a nameless tomb !

Deep and Eternal shame,
 Sorer and endless woe,

To each tribe of ancient name !
 They shall perish in vengeful flame,
 And sink to the realm of Po !
 Weep, Ngatittoi, Tuhourangi,
 Weep for Wairoa, Waitangi,
 Ariki, and Moura the fair ;
 They have drunk of the wine of Pleasure,
 And now they must drain a measure
 Of Sorrow and dire Despair :
 They have heard with ~~sorrows~~ and scorning
 The voice of solemn warning ;
 God striketh, and will not spare !

John Liddell Kelly.

LXXXII.

Te Heuheu's Death Song.

DROOPING and lone are the
 Birds of the morning,
 For thou, O sire, are gone !
 Depart, O mighty one,
 On winter's icy breath.
 My sad lament is this,
 My sighing tale of woe—
 For thou art gone,
 A sacred offering to the gods.

Vanished art thou
 In the dim day dawning—
 A nestling on the altar high,
 Fed to the cruel gods.

While I, like snowy-breasted shag,
Bird of the stream and lake,
Swoop swiftly o'er the plains, and view
Thy battlefields again.

But now below we sadly mourn,
For thou art gathered up by Tu,
The all-consuming god of war.
Depart thou by thy sacred way
The pathway of the fleeting soul
To the great dwelling of the gods
While shades of evening fall.

O, sweet-voiced bird !
My cherished *Kokomako*—e !
That once in dawning gaily sang—
Bell-bird from Pungarehu's tangled brake,
Alas, thou'rt gone !

A sacrifice thou art,
Where frosty breezes blow,
On sacred *ahurewa* high,
Impaled by the wizard-priest
Of visage dark.
By Uenuku, vengeful of the gods,
Devoured art thou !

Alas, alas !

J. Cowan.

LXXXIII.

The Noosing of the Sun-God.

TIRAHĀ, Te Ra !

I am Maui,—

Maui the bantling, the darling ;—

Maui the fire-thief, the jester ;—

Maui the world's fisherman !

I am Maui, man's champion !

Thou art the Sun-God,

Te Ra of the flaming hair.

Heretofore man is thy moth.

What is the life of man,

Bound to thy rushing wings,

Thou fire-bird of Rangi ?

A birth in a burning ;

A flash and a war-word ;

A sailing, a falling

Of ash to the ashes

Of bottomless Po !

I am Maui !

The great one, the little one ;

A bird that could nest

In the hand of a woman.

I—I have vanquished

The Timeless, the Ancients.

The heavens cannot bind me,

But I shall bind thee.

Tiraha, Te Ra !”

Ah, the red ray

Of the fighting of Maui !

How he waxed, how he grew :

How the Earth-Mother snook !

And the sea was afraid,

•And receded and moaned
 Like a babe that is chidden !
 The rope that was spun
 In the White World of Maui
 With blessing and cursing
 Curled on the dazzling
 Neck of Te Ra.


 A pull for the living !
 That grasp in the light !
 A pull for the dead
 In abysses of Po !
 A pull for the babes
 That are not, but shall be
 In the cool, in the dawn,
 In the calm of hereafter !
 Tiraha, Te Ra !”

The sky was a smother
 Of flame and commotion.
 Low leaped the red fringes
 To harass the mountains.
 And Maui laughed out :—
 “ Hu, hu, the feathers
 Of the fire-bird of Rangi !”
 But the rope of the blessing,
 The rope of the cursing,
 It shrivelled and broke.
 He stooped to the coils
 And he twisted them thrice,
 And thickly he threw it
 On the neck of Te Ra.

“ Twice for the living !
 And twice for the dead !
 And twice for the long hereafter !”

All the heart of the heavens,
 The heart of the earth,
 Hung on the rope of Maui.
 But the red lizards licked it,
 The fire-knives chipped it.
 It frittered and broke.
 Then Maui stood forth
 On the moaning headlands
 And looked up to Io—
 Io, the Nameless, the ~~Foul~~
 To whom the eyes pray,
 But whom the tongue names not.
 And a thin voice clave the fire
 As the young moon cleaves the blue
 Like a shark's tooth in the heavens.

“O my son, my son, and why are thy hands so red?—
 Wilt fight the fire with fire, or bind the Eterne with
 deeds?

Shatter the strong with strength? Nay, like to unlike
 is wed:

What man goes to the river to smite a reed with reeds?

“Soft and wan is water, yet it is stronger than fire:
 Pale and poor is patience, yet it is stronger than pride.
 Out of the uttermost weakness cometh the heart's
 desire.

Thou shalt bind the Eternal with need and naught
 beside.

“Plait thee a rope of rays; twist thee a cord of light;
 Twine thee a tender thread that never was bought nor
 sold:

Twine thee a living thread of sorrow and ruth and right:
 And were there twenty guns in ~~Q~~angi the rope shall
 hold.”

Then Maui bowed his head
 And smote his palms together.—
 “Ina, my sister, little one, heed !
 Give me thy hair.”

Ina, the Maiden of Light,
 Gave him her hair.
 Swiftly he wove it,
 Laughing out to the skies :—
 “Thrice for the living !
 Thrice for the dead !
 And thrice for the long hereafter !”
 The thin little cord
 Flew fast on the wind
 Past the Eyes of the Kings
 To the neck of Te Ra.
 And then was the pull.
 The red lizards licked it ;
 The fire-knives chipped it ;
 But it stood, but it held.
 And measured and slow
 Evermore was the flight
 Of the fire-bird of Rangi.

Jessie Mackay.

LXXXIV.

The Lost Tribe.

Not always do they perish by the sword
 Who by the sword have lived. A harder fate,
 A direr doom—an end more desolate
 Beset the remnant of one warlike horde !

Ngatimamoe! From your Chiefs a word—
 Was wont to summon all the woes that wait
 On warfare—plunder, slaughter, lust and hate;
 You then were feared; your name is now abhorred!

Driven to the wild, inhospitable West,
 The strong tribe dwindled; mother, sire and son
 Fought Cold and Famine—foes that ne'er relented.
 The last child starved at the last mother's breast,
 The last stern warrior laid him ~~down alone~~,
 Unsepulchred, unhonoured, unlamented!

John Liddell Kelly.

LXXXV.

Miroa's Song.

ALAS, and well-a-day! they are talking of me still:
 By the tinkling of my nostr., I fear they are talking ill;
 Poor hapless I—poor little I—so many mouths to fill,
 And all for this strange feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

O senseless heart—O simple! to yearn so and to pine
 For one so far above me, confess o'er all to shine—
 For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine!
 O 'tis a foolish feeling—all this fond sweet pain!

When I was quite a child—not \backslash many moons ago—
 A happy little maiden—O then it was not so;
 Like a sunny-dancing wavelet then I sparkled to and fro;
 And I never had this feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

I think it must be owing to the idle life I lead
 In the dreamy house for ever that this new bosom-weed
 Has sprouted up and spread its shoots till it troubles me
 indeed
 With a restless weary feeling—such a sad sweet pain!

So in this pleasant islet, O no longer will I stay—
 And the snowy summer-dwelling, I will leave this very
 day,
 On Arapá I'll launch my skiff and soon be borne away
 From all that feeds this feeling, O this fond sweet
 pain!

I'll go and see dear Rima—she'll welcome me I know,
 And a flaxen cloak, her gayest, o'er my weary shoulders
 throw,
 With purple red and points so free—O quite a lovely
 show—
 To charm away this feeling—O this sad sweet pain!

Two feathers I will borrow, and so gracefully I'll wear,
 Two feathers soft and snowy for my long black lustrous
 hair;
 Of the Albatross's down they'll be—O how charming
 they'll look there—
 All to chase away this feeling—O this fond sweet pain!

Then the lads will flock around me with flattering talk
 all day—
 And with anxious little pinches sly hints of love convey;
 And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them . . . I
 daresay . . .
 And quite forget this feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

Alfred Domett.

LXXXVI.

Maisrie.

MAISRIE sits in the Gled's Nest Tower,
 A' her lane in the fine June weather.
 The wind steals up an' the wind wins owre,
 An' its sang is "O for the wild west heat,
 Maisrie, Maisrie!"

"O hae ye mind o' blue Loch Linn
 That rocked ye to sleep, the bairn o' the shieling?
 An' hae ye mind o' the sea-mews' din
 When the sun dips red an' they're hameward wheeling,
 Maisrie, Maisrie?"

"Hae ye forgotten the Yule by the sea,
 Maisrie o' Linn, before ye were Lady?
 The dance to the pipes an' the lilting free,
 An' your ain heart licht under Highland plaidie,
 Maisrie, Maisrie?"

"O hae ye mind o' the fisher-folk
 That lo'ed an' tined ye because ye were bonnie?
 The hame hearth-stane wi' its bleeze an' smoke,
 An' the mither that held ye dearest of ony,
 Maisrie, Maisrie?"

"Or hae ye forgotten great Ben Mhor,
 His cleft black heid whaur the storm-reeks gather;
 The snaw-wings faulding him hih! an' fore?
 Wad ye your garden o' roses rath,
 Maisrie, Maisrie?"

Maisrie looks o'er park an' hind ;
 But her thochts are far when nicht is fa'ing :—
 "A waefu' sough has the dowie wind,
 That comes to me as an owlet ca'ing
 ' Maisrie, Maisrie.'

" Siller is bricht an' pearls are fine ;
 But the shells o' Loch Linn to me were dearer :
 An' o' a ~~the~~ lilt I hae heard sin syne
 The fisherman's voice sang aye the clearer
 ' Lost Lady Maisrie !'

" An' I hae mind o' great Ben Mhor,
 That I an' my sisters climbed thegither ;
 For ae look o' his drifting hoar
 My garden of roses fast might wither
 An' dee, for Maisrie !

" She sighs frae the kirkyaird by the sea—
 My mither, that lies by the rowan shady—
 ' There's rest, bonnie bairnie, here wi' me,
 For the fisher-wife an' the weary lady,
 Maisrie, Maisrie !'"

Jessie Mackay.

LXXXVII.

At Home.

~~HIGH in her little rose-clad room~~
 Nickered in the winding stair,
 My lady sits and looks abroad
 On the wind's thoroughfare.

The roof is tined with cedar-wood,
 The panels golden pine,
 The lattice set with lozenges,
 And hung with crimson fine.

The pear-tree wraps her oriel ;
 Musk fills the window-frame ;
 Her paroquet sits in the ring,
 And twitters out her name.

The circling landscape underneath
 Glows through its misty veil ;
 The thunder-cloud against the wind
 Beats up, a blackening sail.

The sea, that shone like silver scales
 Fades, tarnished by its breath ;
 The shaking poplar turns her face
 As in a wind of death.

Still half the field's return the sun,
 Still laughs the running wheat :
 The bird sings on—one sheet of flame !
 And now the thunders meet.

But up within the turret-room
 How still it is, how warm !
 Shut, like the water-lily's cup
 That closes in the storm.

A kitten coiled upon the chair,
 A half-wrought broidery,
 Books on the wall, and passing dreams—
 Perchance a dream of me !

You hear no knock, no creaking door,
 No foot upon the stair,
 But love has stolen the key of thought,
 Before you know he's there.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

LXXXVIII.

Rosalind.

ROSALIND has come to town !
 All the street's a meadow,
 Balconies are beeches brown
 With a drowsy shadow,
 And the long-drawn window-panes
 Are the foliage of her lanes.

Rosalind about me brings
 Sunny brooks that quiver
 Unto palpitating wings
 Ere they kiss the river,
 And her eyes are trusting birds
 That do nestle without words.

Rosalind ! to me you bear
 Memories of a meeting
 When the love-star smote the air
 With a pulse's beating :
 Does your spirit love to pace
 In the temple of that place ?

Rosalind ! be thou the fane
 For my soul's uprising,
 Where my heart may reach again
 Thoughts of heaven's devising :
 Be the solace self-bestowed
 In the shrine of Love's abode !

Hubert Church.

LXXXIX.

Of a Lady.

HER house is nearly in the town,
 Yet lilac branches shade her door ;
 Her tea is always on the board
 At half-past four.

Her fireside has a friendly look :
 There's something happy in the air ;
 Her cream is such you rarely now
 Meet anywhere.

I like her eyes, I like her hair,
 I like that pretty, simple dress
 (Paris, and cost five hundred francs,
 No penny less).

Pardon my inconsiderate words ;
 I should not write on them's like these.
 (Her shoes are neat ; you'd never think
 They're No. 3's.)

She likes this shaded corner best,
 The posy lamp, the Dresden set,
 A friend or two, perhaps, a waft
 Of mignonette.

And some one touches in the gloom
 The harp's mysterious, wailing strings,
 And thoughts that never spoke in words
 Take music's wings.

Dear friend, though tired and far away,
 I still can seek your door in Spain,
 Sit still beside your fire and drink
 That tea again !

Anne Glenny Wilson.

XC.

Her Secret.

SHE moves sedate, through garden ways
 Or ancient parlours cool and shady ;
 Content in quiet length of days,
 A typical old maiden lady.
 With soul as snowy as the lace
 That lappets o'er her faded tresses,
 And sweet as violet's fragrant trace
 That haunts her quaintly fashioned dresses.
 One single crime her heart within,
 In quiet hours of meditation
 Must be confessed, a hidden sin
 To stir that soul to trepidation.

For when in maiden age one stands
 Left neither soured nor broken-hearted,
 Tradition this at least demands !—
 Nor faithful to some long departed :
 When midst the records of the years
 One finds no sign to sorrow over ;
 No yellowing letters stained with tears,
 No least remembrance of a lover
 Hidden in sacredness apart,
 No withering blossoms loved and guarded—
 What wonder that the saintliest heart
 Should feel the slightest bit defrauded ?

Dear is the ancient maiden dame
 To maiden belles of modern dances ;
 And girlish fantasies they frame
 Of long-past, ever-fresh romances.
 And if they deem such history
 She treasures, safe from rash intrusion—
 She would not tell the whitest lie,
 Yet still, she fosters the delusion.
 A smile, a sigh, is all they ask
 To furnish hints for fancy's weaving ;
 She takes her tender soul to task
 For such unparalleled deceiving !

"What changed her fate ? and how, and when ?"
 "What crossing chanced of love and duty ?"
 "She scarce was wondrous fair, but then,
 Is every married dame a beauty ?"
 'Tis strange how bright ~~maids~~ maids will love
 A passing woefulness to ~~grow~~ grow ;
 They treasure, happier thoughts above,
 This mystery of secret sorrow.

Their hearts are fluttering to condole
 With grief such tenderest pity moving—
 And she a gentle lonely soul,
 That no one ever thought of loving !

Mary Colborne-Veel.

XCI.

The Mother.

My heart is o'erflowing,
 My foot treads the foam,
 Go tell to the wide world
 My son has come home
 From the far-rolling north sea,
 Where mermaidens cry,
 Where the sun, all the week long,
 Goes round in the sky,
 Where the ice-cliffs break seaward
 With thunder-loud fall,
 From the pale northern dancers—
 He comes from you all!

Go, seek in the oak-chest
 The blue-flowered plate,
 The bowl like an eggshell,
 The cup's silver mate.
 Lay on the round table
 The damask so fine,
 And cut the black cluster
 Still left on the vine.

THE MOTHER.

My hand shakes—but bring me
 That pure honeycomb,
 Now nothing shall vex me,
 My boy has come home!

Now twine on the doorway
 Pale wreaths of jasmine,
 And tell all the village
 His ship has come in.
 How lucky my wheat-bread
 Was baked yester night;
 He loves the brown home-loaf,
 And this is so light.
 Now heap up wild berries
 As black as the sloe—
 I never must tell him
 I've wept for him so!

The girls will come running
 To hear all the news,
 The neighbours with nodding
 And scraping of shoes.
 The fiddler, the fifer, ..
 Will play as they run,
 The blind beggar, even,
 Will welcome my son.
 He smiles like his father
 (I'll sit there and think),
 Oh, could he but see us—
 It makes my heart sink.
 But what is that?—“Mother!”
 I heard some ~~of~~ call.
 “Oh, Ronald, my ~~little~~ born,
 You've come ~~after~~ all!”

Anne Glenny Wilson.

xcii.

The Bonnie Harvest Moon.

OF all the seasons in the year,
 I like the autumn best,
~~As~~ winter comes with giant strength,
 Or Flora gangs to rest;
 When scented breezes fill the air,
 When distant echoes croon,
 And ower the hill peeps lazily
 The bonnie harvest moon.

I like to hear the reapers' sang.
 To me 'tis sweeter far
 Than a' the sangs that e'er were sung
 In praise of cruel war; . . .
 When golden waves sweep o'er the fields,
 When thistles shed their down,
 And ower the hill peeps lazily
 The bonnie harvest moon.

John Barr of Craigilee.

xciii.

Song.

O MERRY be the ploughboy
 That whistles o'er the lea,
 And bli'nesome be the ploughboy
 That comes at'een to me;

When the bonny moor is shining,
 And the distant echoes fa',
 I'll meet my gallant ploughboy,
 The kindest o' them a'.

O merry be the ploughboy
 That whistles through the glen,
 When the happy birds are singing,
 In their woodland cosy den;
 Where wild flowers sweet are blooming,
 And the scented ~~brezes~~ blaw,
 I'll meet my gallant ploughboy,
 The kindest o' them a'.

O merry be the ploughboy
 That whistles in the morn,
 When ower the rigs sae gracefully
 He throws the yellow corn.
 I winna seek for gowd or gear,
 To make me proud or braw;
 My heart is wi' the ploughboy,
 The kindest o' them a'.

John Barr of Craigilee.

XCIV.

Morning Invocation.

DEAREST and fairest! sweetest and rarest!
 Arise! come away!
 O'er rock and mountain, o'er wood and fountain
 Breaks day.
 The mists of the morn from the mountain are rolled:
 The dew gleams with gold.

Where ferns are darkling, where rills are sparkling,
 The morning breathes joy.
 Waving and looping, the wild flowers are drooping
 And coy.
 While echo repeats all the voices of morn,
 On quiet winds borne.

Come! for the glory lies varied before thee:
 The blue of the sky
 No beauty can render like that which makes tender
 Thine eye:
 While spendthrifts in spirit and misers in joy,
 Our hours we employ.

H. L. Twisleton.

XCV.

My Ain Dearie.

It's ower yonder hill, and it's through yonder glen,
 Whaur the burn rins doun sae clearly,
 When the moon shines sae bright, and the stars gie the
 licht,
 I'll gang then and see my ain dearie.

For she's leal and true, and she's fair to the view,
 Though she be nae a high-born leddy;
 She's fair in every part, and she's leddy o' my heart,
 And to mak' her my bride I am ready.

As the rosebud that blaws, and the sna' drift that fa's,
 Is the hue o' her cheek, that's sae bonnie;
 While the lustre o'er her een marks her out for beauty
 queen,
 And the ploughboy she loes best o' ony.

I'll big a wee house in yon cosey den,^①
 Whaur the wild birds warble sae clearly,
 Whaur the kind word and smile shall every care begui
 And the frowns o' the great winna fear me.

O love is the lowe to licht us through this world,
 Without it the road would be dreary;
 Wi' discord, toil, and strife, as the portion o' our life,
 And nae resting-place for the weary.

John Barr of Craigilee.

XCVI.

"What Look hath She?"

WHAT look hath she,
 What majestie,
 That must so high approve her?
 What graces move
 That I so love,
 That I so greatly love her?

No majestie
 But Truth hath she;
 Thoughts sweet and gracious move her;
 That straight approve
 My heart to love,
 And all my life to love her.

Mary Colborne - Veel.

XCVII.

A Roundel.

ONCE in a while the skies seem blue,
 The way grows pleasant for a mile;
 Fair blossoms spring where no flowers grew—
 Once in a while.

We leave the road—and mount the stile,
 And hear the throstle's song anew—
 An anthem in a vaulted aisle.

Grief loses somewhat of its hue,
 Tired, tear-worn eyes look up and smile,
 When God's sweet sunshine stealeth through,
 Once in a while.

IV. Francis Chambers.

XCVIII.

Youth, Love, and Age.

WHEN Youth and Love go hand in hand
 Down primrose paths of Pleasure,
 And seek beneath the Bow of Hope
 For pots of buried treasure,
 Age smiles—the treasure that they seek
 Already each possessing—
 For Youth, in Love, and Love, in youth,
 Have each, in each, the blessing.

William Jukes Steward.

XCIX.

Herdin' the Kye.

THE wild snaw-clouds were driftin'
 Athart the wintry sky,
 As thro' the gusty gloamin'
 I went to herd the kye.
 I row'd my plaidie roun' me,
 An' shiver'd in the blast;
 When o'er the knowe cam' Jamie,
 An' clasp'd me close an' fast!

I saw nae mair the snaw-clouds,
 The sky seem'd bonnie blue,
 Refleckit frae my lad's e'en,
 That thrill'd me thro' and thro'.
 The nippin' blast nae langer
 Could do me ony skaith,
 For luve was in m' laddie's clasp
 Eneuch to warm us baith!

Frae aff my lips sae blae-like
 He kiss'd the cauld awa,
 I' faith, that bleak grey hillside
 Seem'd sunny to us twa!
 Why, then, should winter fash me,
 Hail, rain, an' snaw thegither?
 As lang 's my laddie lo's me,
 'Twill aye be Simmer weather!

Marie R. Randle.

C.

Rosebuds.

HIGH on the lattice-work clustered the roses;
 And lower, half-blown,
 One little bud in the morning was drooping,
 Fragrant, alone;
 And my little sweetheart saw it, and claimed it
 All as her own.

I lifted her up; she would taste of its sweetness
 From the tree as it hung:
 She drew it towards her, her lips were all hidden
 The petals among;
 But the blossom was wet, and the dews were down
 shaken
 From where they had clung.

Then she loosened her hold of the pinky-pearl blossom
 And stood by my side,
 And her cheeks,—they were wet from the dews that were
 shaken,
 As though she had cried;
 And she pouted, complaining the rose kissed unkindly
 As half-satisfied.

Then I told her I knew of a bud that was sweeter
 Than rosebuds to me;
 And the dews only made it more lovely and rosy
 And tempting to see;
 Then I kissed her dear lips,—and she waywardly left me
 Alone by the tree.

Johannes C. Andersen.

CI.

L'Amour.

(Translation from the French of Boufflers, 1775.)

“LOOK not on Love ; he is a fair deceiver,⁸—
 This is my mother’s counsel day by day—
 “He cheats the hopes of every fond believer :
 He smiles and kisses, only to betray.”

Can this be true ? He seems so sweet a child ;
 I fear by scandal mother is beguiled.

Parents are wise, and I am young and stupid ; •
 But I have heard Lucas and Josephine
 Speak of some charming friend—sweet, rosy Cupid ;
 They sing his praises with a happy mien.
 Would you believe it ? ’Tis precisely he
 That mother looks on so suspiciously.

How solve the riddle ? For the case is serious ;
 I think that I must seek this God of Love ;
 Colin will help me in the quest mysterious.
 What harm *could* happen to us as we rove ? “
 And even if Love should roguish prove and wild,
 We are so tall—and two against a child !

Anne Glenny Wilson.

CII.

O Day of Happiness.

O DAY of happiness! O blissful hour!
 She comes across the fields whom all men bless.
 Behind her buds of gladness spring and flower,
 O day of happiness!
 Lightly she moves, and hardly seems to press
 The solid earth, yet with her joy and power
 Flow free to lift the lowly in distress.
 And she is mine: she leaves her maiden bower
 For me, O wonder! Little winds caress
 And kiss her curling hair; O blissful hour,
 O day of happiness!

Mary E. Richmond.

CIII.

Consummation.

THE perfect night is here; each shining star
 Beams at its brightest, and the rolling sphere
 Is full of dim enchantments from afar:
 The perfect night is here!
 O Lord of Love and Life! in holy fear
 I kneel and pray, no dissonance may mar
 The marriage of our spirits; draw Thou near,
 Thou knowest, Father, what Thy children are;
 Make Thou this day of marvels yet more dear;
 For now, soft curtained in her glancing car,
 The perfect night is here.

Mary E. Richmond.

CIV.

Told by the Sea.

A ROSE-HUED time it was to me—
A day of happiness so strange.
We stood beside the sapphire sea,
Behind us was the wooded range

That brooded in the sunset's gold
O'er faerie lore the warm winds brought ;
From many a field and laughing wold,
Where men and women lived and wrought

The warm wind's breath soon hushed to rest
And salt sea-scents spread far and wide.
A white bird called from out the west
Whence purpling shadows came to bide,

And softly steal round stock and stone
With destest touch enfolding all,
While still the low sweet undrone
From sea-caves seemed to rise and fall.

And gold the strand on which we stood,
That perfect eve beside the sea,
And talked of much so new and good,
And forged for problems deep a key.

But when we turned us to depart
I lingering looked on sky and sea,
To take that picture to my heart.
You waited too—*theſe* reverently

You took my heart within your palm,
 And softly turned the leaves and read,
 And then you turned the cover down,
 "I love you, love!" you gently said,
 And crowned me queen straightway, O king!
 Wherfore my feet for evermore
 • Go softly, and the air's a-ring
 With music sweet—unheard before.

Dolce A. Cabot.

CV.

Love and Passion.

PASSION dies, but Love's eternal,
 Love's the essence of our God :
 Love is old, yet ever vernal ;
 Passion's but an earthly clod.

Love and passion oft are blended,
 In a strange, bewild'ring way ;
 Love, true Love, shall ne'er be ended ;
 Passion lasts a fleeting day.

Passion's oft for Love mistaken,
 Passion many a soul enthrals,
 Yet from it they'll surely waken,
 E'en on earth mere passion palls.

But pure love is never satiating ;
 Nearest God is purest love ;
 Pure love unalloyed is waiting
 For us in the realms above.

*Passion dies, but Love's eternal;
 Love's the essence of our God:
 Love is old, yet ever vernal,
 Passion's but an earthly clod.*

Alexander Bathgate.

CVI.

To-morrow and To-morrow.

GOOD-BYE, beloved ! Not to me
 Are moody twilights and the sob of song.
 But glad defiance caught from thee
 Shall light my way along,
 Nor shall I quench in black despair
 The flame your love fanned in the clod,
 I, foolish heart, had deemed a soul,
 But meet the eyes of Fate, and bear
 The splendid answer, "Loving her
 Has brought me nearer God."

Alan E. Mulgan.

CVII.

A Vigil.

ONE bird upon the roof,
 A chorister forlorn,
 Sings to the cloistered morn

I hid in het cloudy woof
 Among that doth unfold
 Itself in plaited gold.

Sing what I ne'er can say—
 The wave may love the shore,
 The flowers the dews that pour,
 The tired winds love to stay
 On cliffs where moss has lain,
 Spent with the toiling main. . . .

Dearer to me one heart
 Where I would love to dwell,
 Woven with magic spell
 Into its inner part,
 Sunk in its secrecy
 Like a star in the sea.

Hubert Church.

CVIII.

My Song.

I BADED my love Good-night,
 So loth to part
 With her, the deep delight
 Of this true heart,
 My queen of pearls !
 My lily of girls !
 And when her light was low,
 And all was still,
 Saving that rapturous flow--
 The lone bird's trill,
 I said :

MY SONG.

“ Oh, come fair dreams
 To soothe her pretty head,
 Float soft as silvery beams
 Now shed ! ”
 Then up where the lattice swung,
 I sent a kiss,
 In the heart of a rose there flung,
 And murmured this :
 “ Good-night, Sweet !
 Sweet, good-night !
 My heart’s delight,
 Good-night ! ”

I bade my love Good-morn,
 With joy to feel
 Her presence, soft as dawn,
 Within me steal,
 My queen of pearls !
 My lily of girls !
 And when she came to me
 On tiny feet,
 I vowed there ne’er could be
 A maid so sweet !
 Her hair—
 The golden sun,
 Her cheeks—the rose-bloom rare ;
 Was ever beauty won
 So fair ?
 The love-light in her eyes
 Drew forth my kiss ;
 I clasped her to me—mine ! My prize
 The greeting this :
 “ Good-morn, Sweet !
 Sweet, good-morn !
 My heart’s pure dawn,
 Good-morn ! ”

Charles Umbers.

CIX.

Cradle Song.

SONG of the night, song of the day,
 Where are the forms that we fondled alway?
 Song of the eve, song of the morn,
 Soon they forsake us as others are born ;
 Mothers sit watching with faces of love,
 God watches them from His Heaven above ;
 Life is a task, set with a vow,—
 Babies that slept in us, where are ye now ?

Up from our arm, up from our breast,
 Where are ye wandered in East or in West ?
 Mothers may love, mothers may croon,
 Ye become stripling and maiden too soon ;
 Stripling and maiden,—and lo the refrain
 Crooned by the mother is murmured again :
 Life is a war, life is a race,—
 Over the cradle a heavenly face.

“ Son of my heart, where wilt thou go ?
 Empty mine arms when thou leavest me so ; —
 Where wilt thou speed, daughter of mine ?
 • Look in my face as I looked upon thine : —
 Earth is a wilderness open and wide ;
 Shun ye its evil, and God be your Guide :
 Children of mine, go on your way —
 Think ye of mother when ageing and grey !

“ Goest so soon, idol of love ?
 Goest so soon to the Father above ?
 Thou in mine arms cradled shalt be : —
 Goest so soon from thy cradle and me ?

SLUMBER SONG.

Earth is too wide for thy weak little feet?
 Life is too weary?—and Heaven so sweet?
 Idol of love; soul of my heart;
 Heaven is thine who of Heaven wast part.”

Life and its toil, death and its sleep,
 Children must wander and mothers will weep;
 Life is so wide, death is so cold,
 Other embraces than mother's enfold:—
 Children are mothers and mothers are gone,
 Cradles are rocking for evermore on;
 Children are born, never remain,—
 Life is a rocking of pleasure and pain.

Johannes C. Andersen.

CX.

Slumber Song.

Now the golden day is ending,
 See the quiet night descending,
 Stealing, stealing all the colours, all the roses from the
 west.

Safe at home each bird is keeping
 Watch o'er nest and children sleeping,
 Dreaming tender dreams of sunshine, sleeping warm, for
 sleep is best.

Sleep then, sleep, my little daughter,
 Sleep to sound of running water,
 Singing, singing through the twilight, singing little
 things to rest.

Down beside the river flowing,
 Where the broom and flax are growing,
 Little breezes whisper gently, as night's music softly
 swells ;
 And like bells of Elfin pealing,
 Lonely through the shadows stealing,
 Tinkling, tinkling through the twilight comes the sound
 of cattle bells.
 Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,
 Cattle bells, and wind, and water,
 Weaving, weaving chains of slumber, cast about thee
 Dreamland's spells.

Mary H. Poynter.

CXI.

Lullaby.

DAY has fled to the west afar,
 Where no shadows or sorrows are ;
 O'er earth's radiant western rim
 God has gathered the day to him.
 Hush ! the river of night is here,
 Flowing silently, cool and clear,
 With its mystical thoughts that throng
 And its silences deep as song.

*Babe of my bosom, sleep ;
 Tender, sweet blossom, sleep !
 Hearts may ache
 While the long hours go creeping ;
 Hearts may break*

*While my baby is sleeping;
Never wake,
Though thy mother is weeping;
Babe of my bosom, sleep!*

Sleep! the silence is all around,
Save the sighings that are not sound,
Where the wind in the branches weaves
Mystic melodies through the leaves;
Or the far-away murmurings
Like the stir of an angel's wings.
Only night is about us now—
Child, the earth is as tired as thou.

*Babe of my bosom, sleep;
Tender, sweet blossom, sleep!
Hearts may ache
While the long hours go creeping,
Hearts may break
While my baby is sleeping;
Never wake,
Though thy mother is weeping;
Babe of my bosom, sleep!*

Arthur H. Adams.

CXII.

"If One Rose should Creep."

IF one rose should creep
To bow herself upon the grass
Where Thou art buried (ah, too deep !)
And tremble when the angels pass,
She could not rea n Thee, Dear, asleep.

But my heart shall wind
 About Thee in this secret place,
 To leave all shadows far behind,
 And gather all thy sweetness, Grace,
 Into the chambers of the mind.

Hubert Church.

CXIII.

Love's Treasure-house.

I WENT to Love's old Treasure-house last night,
 Through soundless halls of the great Tower of Time,
 And saw the miser Memory, grown grey
 With years of jealous counting of his gems,
 At his old task within the solitude.
 By a faint taper the deep-furrowed face,
 Heavy with power, lay shadowed on the wall—
 Shadow and shadowy face communing there—
 While the lean flame a living spear-point leaped
 With menace at the night's dark countenance.

“And this,” he said, “is gold from out her hair,
 And this the moonlight that she wandered in,
 With here a rose, enamelled by her breath,
 That bloomed in glory 'tween her breasts, and here
 The brimming sun-cup that she quaffed at noon,
 And here the star that cheered her in the night ;
 In this great chest, see curiously wrought,
 Are purest of Love's gems.” A ruby key,
 Enclosed upon a golden ring, he took,
 With care, from out some secret hiding-place,

And delicately touched the lock, "wherest
 I staggered, blinded by the light of things
 More luminous than stars, and questioned thus—
 "What are these treasures, miser Memory?"
 And slowly bending his grey head, he spoke :
 "These are the multitude of kisses sweet
 Love gave so gladly, and I treasure here."

B. M. Ross.

CXIV.

A Dirge.

COME not with sundered flowers to strew her grave;
 Nor be there any curtain but the grass,
 Dewed by the Night and by the winds that pass
 Tranced with the slumber of the level wave;
 Or if one cloud of the empyrean nave
 Shall float a shadow on her shrouded face,
 Be it the shrine of this mysterious place,
 Bestowing shelter she for ever gave :
 And if the anthem of this holy rood
 Fall from the throat of some forgotten bird,
 Faint with the press of heaven upon his wings,
 Be it the bruised fragrance that is stirred
 In the sad heart, remembering happier things
 That are the angels of this solitude.

Hubert Church.

CXV.

The Power of Death.

THEY said, " Beneath the iron spell of Death
 The miser recks not for his golden store,
 The craven's heart doth quake with fear no more ;
 The warrior sleeps, while war drum thundereth ;
 The patriot, too, 'mid Freedom's glorious strife ;
 The wanderer yearns not for his native heath,
 The poet thrills not at Spring's magic breath."
 But passively I heard. I thought of Life.

But when they said, " Should, haply, Death thee slay
 And sith who is the star of thy Life's night
 Should come and call thy name, thou wouldest not
 heed ; "
 Then rushed on me like night on tropic day
 The consciousness of all Death's awful might.
 I moaned, " O Death, thou potent art, indeed ! "

C. J. O'Regan.

CXVI.

Pax Vobiscum.

IN a forest, far away,
 One small creeklet, day by day,
 Murmurs only this sad lay :
 " Peace be with thee, Lilian."

One old box-tree bends his head,⁶
 One broad wattle shades her bed,
 One lone magpie mourns the dead :
 " Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Echoes come on every breeze,
 Sighing through the ancient trees,⁷
 Whisp'ring in their melodies :
 " Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Mellow sunbeams, morn and eve,
 Quick to come and slow to leave,
 Kiss the quilt where daisies weave
 Rich designs o'er Lilian.

When the dying blossoms cling
 To the skirts of parting Spring,
 Wattle-boughs and branches fling
 Showers of gold o'er Lilian.

When the summer moon mounts high,
 Queen of all the speckless sky,
 Shafts of silver softly lie
 O'er the grave of Lilian.

Mystic midnight voices melt
 Through each leafy bower and belt,
 Round the spot where friends have knelt—
 " Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Far away from town and tower,
 Sleeping in a leafy bower,
 Withered lies the forest flower—
 " Peace be with thee, Lilian."

There, where passions ne'er intrude,
 There where Nature has imbued
 With her sweets the solitude,
 Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o'er the sea,
 Home of Nature's euphony,
 Pour thy requiem psalmody
 O'er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod :
 Thou hast there no common clod ;
 Keep her ashes safe ; for God
 Makes but few like Lilian.

Sceptics ask me : " Is that clay
 In the forest far away
 Part of her ? "—I only say :
 " Flow'rets breathe out Lilian ;

" From her grave their sweets mount high—
 Love and beauty never die—
 Sun and stars, earth, sea and sky
 All partake of Lilian."

Thomas Bracken.

CXVII.

An Evening.

To break the stillness of the hour
 There is no sound, no voice, no stir ;
 Only the croak of frogs,—the whirr
 Of crickets hidden in leaf and flower.

AN EVENING.

The clear-cut outlines of a spire—
 Spring from a mass of eucalypt
 Sharply against the sky,—still tipped
 With one last gleam of lingering fire.

So solemnly the shadows creep ;
 On dovelike wings Night flutters down ;
 Lights twinkle in the little town ;
 The valley lies in quiet sleep.

So comes the dark, so fades the light,
 On all those leagues of tossing sea
 That lie between my home and me,
 And glimmer to the stars all night.

And so, belovéd, silently
 In thine own land the shadows fall
 On grassy lawn, and garden-wall,
 On shining sand, and troubled sea,—

On paths thy feet shall never tread,—
 On fields thine eyes shall never see,—
 And on thy new home, strange to me,
 That silent City of the Dead !

Yea, stillness rests, O Tried and True,
 On hand and heart, on lips and eyes !
 On thee eternal silence lies,
 On thee is utter darkness too.

We lost too much in losing thee,
 Yet we who knew and loved thee best,
 Wish thee an everlasting rest,
 Night came on thee so quietly.

Place with the Shadows! Peace to all
 Who work and weep, who pray and wait ;
 Till we and thou are one with Fate,
 And on us too, the Night shall fall !

Dora Wilcox.

CXVIII.

Ina.

I KNOW where a wee rose blooms,
 In a garden so fair and wide—
 The only wee rose 'mong stately buds,
 And none in the world beside ;
 How could there be more than one fair queen,
 When only one heart have I ?
 How could there be more than one wee rose,
 When there's only one sun in the sky ?

The soul of my rose lay hid
 In the blushes—right under the folds
 Of the leaves ; in the beautiful blushes
 • That were gold, and the truest of golds.
 Ah ! never a man save I
 Found the soul that lay hid in the folds—
 In the gold that was fairest of golds,
 And bright as the sun in the sky.

The winds may beat on the river,
 I only look up to the sky ;
 The hearts that are pierced may shiver—
 May shiver, and pine, and die,

But I have that wee fair rose ;
 There's none in the world beside
 So fair as my sweet wee rose,
 Though the garden is fair and wide !

I saw, in the purple dawn,
 My wee rose fade and pale ;
 Was my heart too warm, my sweet,
 Or bitter the frosted gale ?
 Did the summer winds grow faint
 Or chill, in the heart of May ?
 Or did some stranger across the stream
 Beckon thy soul away ?

Oh, darling, I felt so brave,
 And my heart was true and bold,
 That none might rob its treasure,
 My rose that was fairer than gold.
 But, weary, I wander, seeking
 My rose o'er the daisied sod ;
 Where art thou hiding from me,
 Bonnie sweet rose of God ?

W. R. Wills.

CXIX.

To One who Loved Me.

O MY lost Love ! Where art thou now ?
 Still in the flesh, I know, for how
 Could thy Soul pass from Earth and I
 Not know it ? But beneath what sky
 Dost Thou in joyous freedom roam,
 What happy country is Thy home ?

Who bless the Heaven that sent Thee to
 • Their coasts, a Revelation new
 Of Goodness—that is God—of Beauty,
 And Love, the fountain-head of Duty,
 His other titles? Who doth press
 Thine hand and drink the tenderness
 Of thine eye-beams, and raptured hear
 Those lips breathe musically clear,
 Witchingly soft? Who strokes the fair
 Brown ripples of Thy streaming hair,
 And feels he dareth overmuch—
 For there is magic in its touch?

O Love! Where'er the waves have lost
 The pearl of price that I have lost;
 Heaven grant some merchant, skilled to tell
 • The worth hid in the precious shell
 May find Thee, sell his all, and be
 Content to live and die for Thee!

David Will M. Burn.

CXX.

Liebesweh.

Ah, my heart, the storm and sadness!
 Wind that moans, uncomforted,
 Requiem for Love that's dead,
 Love that's dead!
 Leafless trees that sough and sigh,
 Gloom of earth, and grey of sky,
 Ah, my heart, what storm and sadness!

Ah, my heart, those sweet Septembers!
 Ah, the glory and the glow
 Of the Spring-tides long ago,
 Long ago!
 Gleam of gold, and glint of green
 On the grassy hillsides seen,
 Ah, my heart, those sweet Septembers!

Ah, my heart, on sweet soft pinions,
 Spring, the lov'd one, hovers nigh,
 She shall settle by-and-by,
 By-and-by!
 But the hills shall shine in vain,
 Love, alas, comes not again,
 Ah, my heart, on sweet soft pinions!

Dora Wilcox.

CXXI.

The Saddest Cross.

He who hath walked in darkness since his birth,
 Who ne'er hath known the glory of the day,
 Alike to him are shadow and sun-ray;
 He never wearies at the daylight's dearth.
 But he who once hath revelled in Life's mirth
 Right heartfully, and now must ever stray
 Where sunbeams never either laugh or play,
 He bears the saddest cross in all the earth.

Lord, long content, I wandered in the night:
 Knowing not light, the dark seemed good to me,
 Then didst thou curse me with divinest sight,
 A space I looked on Love's divinity.
 Ah, God, if I had never known that light,
 I ne'er had known how dark these shadows be.

C. J. O'Regan.

CXXII.

Song.

ONE eve I saw the hills all flushed with light,
 And burnished with the gold of sunset glow—
 The flaming gold of sunset glow.

Next morn, when I arose, the hills were white,
 All gleaming cold, and white with early snow;
 And lowering skies above the snow.

One day I plucked a rose that pleased my sight;
 But in my garden now no roses blow—
 No more for me red roses blow!

So was my joyous youth gone in a night,
 And Love!—Love left me, ah! so long ago
 I scarce remember it—so long ago!

Maud Goodenough Hayter.

CXXIII.

Ideal Beauty.

ABSOLVE me for a while, undo
 The links that bind me as your thrall.
 So I be more myself, more worthy you;
 Let me forget you too in dreams, °
 Your lang'rous waist and musical
 Soft ways, like cadences of streams
 Unlooked for, strange, but sweetly rhythmical;

The morning freshness of the rose,
 The suave, strong motion of the sea,
 The strenuous splendour and repose
 Of marble, and the lily's purity;

All these are types that symbolize
 The secret charm, the subtle grace,
 The music as of Paradise
 That plays about your lissom limbs and face;

Let me forget all these and be
 Once more self-centred, circumspect,
 And of dædalian longings free.
 Let me a fuller, stronger life elect;

So may I on a windy shore
 See screaming seagulls flying near,
 And hear the hollow channels roar,
 Nor seek in every breeze your voice to hear:

Or where the glints of sunshine steal
 Through clust'ring clematis and fern,
 There let me roam alone and feel
 The simple joys of sense for which I yearn;

The lights and shadows of the bush,
The prattling music of the creek,
The stir of insects, and the hush
Of Solitude—these are the joys I seek.

Oh idle words! Since Marsyas died,
How many has Apollo slain?
And ah! how many too have tried
To win you or to shun you—but in vain.

Ebenezer Storry Hay.

CXXIV.

Satana.

SHE draws all men to serve her, and her lure
Is her pulsating human loveliness—
The beauty of her bosom's rippling lines,
The passion pleading in her eyes, the pure
Soft contour of her cheek, her dainty dress,
With all the rich aroma of her warm
Glad womanhood perfumed, her supple form
Curving and swaying like a living flower,
Aflush with life and youth. These are the signs
By which she makes her sovereignty secure.

But though her red lips mock me of their wine,
And that low laugh of hers fills me with fire,
As, spent with loving, in her scorn I lie;
Yet some day she will come to me and twine
Her slender arms about me; and desire

Will plead in those eyes that were all disdain,
 And break her bosom with a sob of pain,
 And her hot lips will lavish all their store
 Of hungry kisses on me—then shall I
 Remember all her queenly coldness, or
 With kisses make her breathing beauty mine?

Arthur H. Adams.

CXXV.

Faerie.

WHY have we in these isles no fairy dell,
 No haunted wood, nor wild enchanted mere?
 Our woods are dark, our lakelets' waters clear,
 As those of any land where fairies dwell.
 In every verdant vale our streamlets tell
 Their simple story to the list'ning ear,
 Our craggy mountains steep are full of fear—
 E'en rugged men have felt their awful spell.

Yet lack they glamour of the fairy tale,
 Nor gnome nor goblin do they e'er recall,
 Though Nature speaks, e'en in the wind's sad wail.
 Who shall give meaning to Her voices all?
 The poet's art,—as yet without avail,—
 Must weave the story of both great and small.

Alexander Bathgate.

CXXVI.

Fairyland.

As we went down to Fairyland
We plucked the purple heather,
And all its little tinkling bells
Sang "Happy be together."

As we went down to Fairyland
We walked through meadows green,
And the little daisies bowed to us,
And hailed us king and queen.

As we went down to Fairyland
We heard the sunbeams singing,
"We weave you robes of rainbows bright
As the love your hearts are bringing."

As we went down to Fairyland
Men's voices called from far,
"Poor fools, they walk in golden mists,
Nor know what fools they are!"

Yet we went on to Fairyland
And found such blissful greeting
We longed to stay for ever there,
But ah, its joys were fleeting !

And we came out of Fairyland,
 As many have come before;
 And the heather-bells and sunbeams sang
 Their songs to us no more.

But as we left sweet Fairyland
 We heard an old man say,
 " Though fools may enter Fairyland,
 Only the wise may stay."

Annie Colborne-Veel.

CXXVII.

Art and Beauty.

I saw as in a dream a palace high,
 With deep-domed roof on massive columns set,
 Wherein were forms, the loveliest Art had yet
 Conceived, which none could over-magnify.
 The dome was as a star-bespangled sky,
 The columns richly chased; and there was met
 In every niche a lovely statuette,
 And all around Art's glories charmed the eye;
 And while I gazed, and thought that here I saw
 Man's fairest dreams preserved beyond decay
 The palace fell; and I was filled with awe.
 Then lo! there broke the splendours of the day,
 And all things seemed to say in earth and sky,
 " Though Art be mortal, Beauty cannot die."

Henry Allison.

CXXVIII.

The Devotee of Art.

Ask me not why I work with so much zeal
 To form the thing that seems to me so fair,
 When over all, in spite of every care,
 The lines of slow decay will surely steal.
 I work because I must, because I feel
 The sway of Art, its inspiration rare,
 Which leadeth by a broad and losty stair
 To where Truth doth to me herself reveal
 In regal splendour. This I strive to show
 That all who see may render homage due.
 For, though my work shall fade, yet well I know,
 If men her beauty see, it shall not die:
 In every age they will her face renew,
 And keep her radiant glories ever nigh.

Henry Allison.

CXXIX.

Quot Oculi Tot Mundi.

THE world is as the sense that makes it known:
 To eyeless creatures, dark eternally;
 To others, dim, in mazy depths of sea,
 Beyond the sound of all its surface moan;
 Narrow to some, as insects 'neath a stone,
 Or in a tiny crevice, or a bee
 That murmurs in a flower; but the free,

Heav'n-soaring birds a wider vision own.
 And though our eyes can boast no eagle sweep,
 To us is given the larger range of thought,
 Wherewith we pierce the starry depths, o'erleap
 The bounds of sense, and see in all things wroug
 Signs of deep mysteries, which angel eyes
 May see, or ours, perchance, in paradise.

Henry Allison.

CXXX.

Prometheus and Asia.

WHEN a rose in beauty blows,
 When a bud from earth outpeeps,
 When a soul another knows
 In love's glassy, dreamy deeps,
 Is not then Prometheus wed?
 Is not then sweet Asia led
 To the spotless bowers of love?
 And love is Lord all things above.

When a toiler finds some law,
 Thro' all change unchangeable,
 And in joy and loving awe
 Sees less dim the Eternal Will,
 Is not then Prometheus led
 Joyous to the nuptial bed?
 Is not then his Asia's rule
 Gracious, loving, beautiful?

When a poet's frenzied brain
 Catches at some hidden truth,
 When is wash'd a crimson stain
 With forgiving tears of ruth,
 Is not then Prometheus' bride
 Standing glowing by his side?
 Is not then more sweet to him
 Than the song of Seraphim
 Her sweet breath and placid eyes?
 For Earth is one with Paradise.

Ebenezer Storrey Hay.

CXXXI.

Imperfections.

THREE verses had my poem. Beauty fain
 Had found its fair abiding in the strain,
 And sung itself that men might hear and see.
 Yet of that beauty one verse utters nought:
 In one, discordance broke the tenderest thought.
 Well, one is perfect still. So let it be.
 Had I been greater I had gained the three.

Earth glories three beguiled me on a day
 Their shadowing on my canvas crude to lay.
 The pictured mountains paled of glory stand:
 The murmuring waves hang leaden lifeless there:
 Only my sky is excellently fair.
 Well, let it be so. Was it for my hand
 To paint perfection, sea and sky and land?

Fair blessings wait upon our earthly rage •
 And passion of completeness lights her face
 Who walks in benedictions royally.
 But if just shaping-out of life below
 Make it my fortune less than all to know,
 What failure? When did Fate and I agree
 That every earthly good should visit me?

Mary Colborne-Veel.

CXXXII.

Immortality.

AT twenty-five I cast my horoscope,
 And saw a future with all good things rise—
 A firm assurance of eternal life
 In worlds beyond, and in this world the hope
 Of deathless fame. But now my sun doth slope
 To setting, and the toil of sordid strife,
 The care of food and raiment, child and wife,
 Have dimmed and narrowed all my spirit's scope.

Eternal life—a river gulfed in sands!
 Undying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds!
 What hope of immortality remains
 But this: "Some soul that loves and understands
 Shall save thee from the darkness that enshrouds;"
 And this: "Thy blood shall course in others'
 veins?"

John Liddell Kelly.

CXXXIII.

"My Pipe is Small."

My pipe is small, but I will labour hard
 That naught but melody shall issue thence;
 And though the song, tumultuous and intense,
 Inspired of passion, is to me debarred,
 Yet in some golden moments happy-starred
 Apollo holds me in a sweet suspense,
 Breathless and rapt—and straining every sense,
 I hear his lyre, and great is my reward.

And O! what joy when song has wed to it
 The clanging choral music of the sea,
 Or whirr of birds that in green shadows flit
 With brisk and timid flight from tree to tree!—
 When sounds like these find voice in what is writ,
 O happy poet! how I envy thee!

Ebenezer Storrry Hay.

CXXXIV.

Sonnet.

THERE be some songs that, whosoever singeth,
 Still fall in measured cadence on the ear;
 And soft and slow their music ever ringeth
 Adown the weary waning of the year.

All may not think their strains divinest rapture,
 But unto us their faintest echo seems •
 Like unto those that all our senses capture,
 Heard in the fairy realms of sweetest dreams;
 And the spell lies in touch of mem'ry's fingers
 That wakes within our hearts some answering note—
 A note whose blessed sweetness ever lingers
 Like the dear sounds from some rare ^psong-bird's
 throat;
 A lingering note that, from the past, doth borrow
 Something of long-gone joy or half-sweet sorrow.

Clara Singer Poynter.

CXXXV.

The Sharing of the Earth.

(From Schiller.)

*Take hence the world! cried Zeus from his heaven
 Unto mankind: take it, yours shall it be.
 To you the earth as heritage is given;
 But, sharing, dwell in amity.*

In haste, whoso had hands, thereon fell slaving
 To win his share; so laboured young and old.
 The husbandman seized fields of gold corn waving,
 The young squire hunted deer in wood and wold.

The merchant rose, his warehouse goods securing,
 The abbot chose his share of last-year wine;
 The king stopped roads and bridges, with assuring
 Saying: "The tithes and tolls are mine."

Too late, when the division all was over
 The poet came; he came from lands abroad;
 Alas, no vacant place could he discover,
 For all things now possessed their lord.

"Alas! am I the only one remaining
 Forgotten quite? I, truest son alone?"
 Loudly unto the skies went his complaining;
 He cast himself before Jove's throne.

*Since you in lands of dreams and fields Elysian
 Loved far, quoth Jove, do not come blaming me.
 Where were you loitering when they made division?
 Then said the poet: "I was here by thec.*

"Mine eyes were fastened on thy face sun-beaming;
 Harmonious heaven held enchanted mine ear;
 Pardon the Spirit so enchanted dreaming,
 That he has lost earth's share while wond'ring here."

*What's to be done? said Zeus; the world is given,
 The harvest, hunt, the fields, are mine no more.
 If you will dwell up here with me in heaven,
 Oft as you come you'll find an open door.*

Johannes C. Andersen.

CXXXVI.

To Sir George Grey.

WITHIN a forest stood a grand old tree,
 Whose head above the other plants rose high;
 He was the forest's first-born. Sun and sky

Had known him, and had smiled on him ere he
 Had kinsfolk near, or leafy brethren nigh;
 The wild birds brought to him their minstrelsy;
 The singers knew that when the scene was rude,
 He grew and gave a shelter to their race.
 By him the wandering melodists were wooed
 To trill and warble in that lonely place;
 A sanctuary in the solitude
 He gave to them. In him the birds could trace
 The forest's king, and so from hills and plains
 They flew to him, and sang their sweetest strains.

Thomas Bracken

CXXXVII.

The Wit.

WHILE the dull talk idly streams,
 He sits upon the bank and dreams,
 Till some careless word that's said
 Finds a fellow in his head.—

He with one great bound is borne
 From Dent Blanche to Matterhorn;
 And his passage is so fast
 Over that abyss so vast,
 He has not seen how bluely shines
 The deep gulf in his belt of pines,
 Nor heard the waste and watery voice
 Wherewith the wind-washed pines rejoice.

In a moment's thousandth part,
 In the beat of the bee's heart,
 He has flown it: 'tis a way
 Where the kite and eagle play.
 Tho' the chamois, lithe and fine,
 Passes it 'twixt wake and dine;
 Tho' the dun geier, gaunt and lean,
 Flash across that gulf between
 Sol's first footing of his bed
 And the covering of his head,
 What he's compassed in one stride
 Is two days for the Zermatt guide.

Arnold Wall.

CXXXVIII.

In the Garden, New Place, Stratford.

September, 1615.

ALL living men and women are as ghosts
 To yon old Traveller dreaming in the shade.
 He sitteth with his hands upon his paunch;
 His brows sag down upon his large calm eye,
 That dwells upon the smooth old lawn he loves.
 Silverly pipes the thrush, the sun sinks down;
 It draweth on to curfew.

The old man
 Has travelled in a flash the dusty ways,
 And is in his dear London. Hark, he hears
 The hollow hum of pit and stalls expectant;
 Hob calls to Jenkins, pit to gallery;

One whistles, catcalls squeal ; the carpenter •
 Usurps the boards and rolls his rheumy eye ;
 And random hammers fall ; the new planks reek.
 Ho ! ready, boatswain ! where's shipmaster, where ?
 Sebastian, Alonzo, boatswain, when ?
 Hush, hush ! the curtain falls ; the house is still.
 His last first night.—Well, well ; all lanes must end,
 Give me thy hand, old friend, and wish me well,
 My last first night ! Sit thou, and tell me now
 How goes it with thy Bell and Margery,
 And how didst find thy suit, and how thy father ;
 How speeds it with thy quarrel of the tithe,
 Say, hast thou beat 'em, hey ! Good luck, good luck !
 I do remember—hark, the house is stirred,
 I warrant 'tis that "backward and abyssm" ;
 And all this pretty talk of father and child.
 The thrush is ceased, the lawn grows gray ; •
Heigho !
 In, in, in, in ! A something sober shade
 This vine and fig-tree cast ; but it is well.
 In, in, in, in ! my posset, and to bed !

Arnold Wall.

CXXXIX.

Sonnet on Keats.

Now, while the air is sweet with breath of spring,
 And loud with liquid melody and mirth ;
 When budding flowers burst into early birth,
 And orchard trees are white with blossoming,

And on their snowy twigs the sweet birds sing;
 When beauty is new-born o'er all the earth,
 And with the last chill wind the fear of dearth,
 And other piercing fears, have taken wing;
 This is the season I would think of one—
 The dear Endymion, the star-eyed youth—
 Who loved the quickened earth as doth the sun,
 Whose heart was full of courage and of ruth,
 Whose voice in sweetest melodies would run;
 And, lo, how Beauty was with him the Truth!

Ebenezer Storrey Hay.

CXL.

Licence.

MUCH is forgiven to a soul in earnest,
 Nor shall we carp at clicking heels on the rail,
 When a bold leaper leaps his utmost height
 With thundery rush, triumphing; nor complain
 When bold Will Shakespeare or our Meredith,
 All quivering with the heat and lust of the chase,
 Strains out the thews of language to the bursting,
 Sets the shy accent toppling on the verge
 Of utmost music, poisoning perilously
 Betwixt the gulfs; or slants the molten thought
 Too generously, and flaws the golden mould;
 For who achieves the impossible shall have grace.

Arnold Wall.

CXLI.

Rhythm and Rime.

We net the flickering rimes that dance atop,
 But the great booming rhythms rolling slow
 Out of the deeps, we pray and hearken for.
 For they are smitten out with blacksmith blows—
 Gaunt agonies and passions of the deep—
 These are not to be caught at, mocked, or made.

Arnold Wall.

CXLII.

Ariadne Forsaken.

“O SEA, that I have laughed with him to sail,
 Beauty deserts your hollows and gold caves ;
 And wind, that lifts the tresses of white waves,
 Your sweet-breathed odours fail :
 Yea, and green woods ; and plashing water-springs :
 And flowered lawns, and birds ; yea, all fair things
 That call Earth Mother ; not one can prevail
 To soothe the memory that burns, and stings,
 Deadens my cheek, and makes my voice a wail.

“ Theseus, ah ! Theseus ;—where are now the ~~vows~~
 For which all earth but you I have forsworn ?
 Is woe all love allows
 When its sweet day grows tired and overworn ?
 These sands I pace which we together paced ;
 These flowers my tresses graced,—

But they are dead now I am left forlorn.
 The common day to its oblivion goes,
 Endless is that which bears great joys, great woes:
 O love;—a little time, and you are sweet:
 Most tardily you come,—but go most fleet.

“ I woke from sleep,
 And looked to find him by me; find him near;
 I searched the coves deep—
 Naxos is desolate that was most dear.
 Ah sea, thou bitter sea;
 His prow hath clest thy wave, and thou hast closed
 Swift in his wake to hide the secret way
 Stolen ere break of day:—
 And not one dream, as peaceful I reposed,
 To warn of passing joy!
 —Hope, hope and love, he will but try you both;
 He will return: my heart is, ah, so loth
 To think that he would utterly destroy
 Our new-found heaven of wonder-hearted joy.”

*(She stands knee-deep in the water, with arms outstretched,
 gazing seawards. From a distance comes a sound of
 bells, singing and laughing.)*

Johannes C. Andersen.

CXLIII.

Nausicaa.

I SHOULD be happy—all men tell me so.
 To-morrow's sun will see my wedding-day,
 And all mine handmaids, comrades of my youth,
 Cluster around me, babbling of the feast,

Spread in the broad halls of Alcipous,
 And never cease to prate of the rich robes
 And priceless gems around my chamber hung ;
 While my fond mother's face is that of one
 To whom the days of far past youth return.
 Nay, when my stately father looks on me,
 Plays round his firm-set lips a rare, faint smile.
 Surely I should be happy, yet, ah yet,
 The comely bridegroom whom they chose for me
 Stirs not my pulses with his homely speech
 And homely manners, by this dull land bred,
 Where never yet was heard the clash of arms,
 The shout of victory, the warrior's joy.
 The too kind Gods have compassed us about
 With the broad buckler of the restless sea,
 And great Poseidon watches over us,
 So that no foeman e'er can work us harm.
 In sooth it is not well that men should live
 Thus lapp'd in peace through all the countless years.
 The very heart of manhood must rot out,
 Where none have braved a foe, or dared a wound.
 Not always did I think so—these new thoughts
 Of manliness and glory broke on me
 When first that godlike hero touched our shores,
 And told his story, five long years agone.
 Let me recall, though the last time it be,
 The first sweet words he uttered at my feet :
 " O Queen, I kneel before thee, whether thou
 Be goddess or be mortal ; if thou be
 A goddess—one of them that hold broad Heaven—
 To Artemis, the daughter of great Zeus,
 For beauty and for stature and for grace,
 Fain would I liken thee ; but if thou be
 A child of men who dwell upon this earth,
 Thrice blessed are thy sire and sainted mother—
 Thrice blessed are thy brethren ; yea their souls

Must burn with gladness for the love of thee
When they behold thee, flower of maidenhood,
Leading the dance. Beyond all others blest
Is he who woos and wins thee for his home.
For never yet mine eyes have seen thy peer,
Or man or maid; it awes me to look on thee.
Ig Delos once I saw a thing as fair—
A palm-afloat springing by Apollo's altar.
(For thither went I, and much people with me ;
Sore woe in time to come that journey wrought me.)
When I long time had gazed thereon, I marvelled,
For never yet from earth rose stem so fair.
So lady do I marvel at thee, and much dread
To touch thy knees, though grief weighs sorely on me.
But yesterday, the twentieth day, I 'scaped
The darkling sea ; till then the wave still bore me,
And fierce blasts drove me from Ogygia's isle.
And here some God hath cast me, that perchance
Still further evil I may yet endure ;
For trow I that not yet my woes will cease,
But many more the Gods have still in store.
Then, queen, have mercy on me ; unto thee
First, after many sufferings, have I come ;
None other do I know of those who hold
This city and this land. Show me the town,
And if some wrap thou didst bring for thy linen,
Give it me for a garment to cast round me :
So may the Gods grant thee thy heart's desire—
A husband and a home—a mind be thine
At one with his, for nought can better be
Or nobler than when wife and husband keep
Their household with one single heart and mind."—
These were the words the kneeling outcast spake.
But though his limbs were all besouled with slime,
And his thick locks were clotted o'er with brine,
His native nobleness shone out through all.

We pitied him. Who would not pity him? •
 Meat, drink and raiment, these my maidens gave;
 The pure stream washed away the rude sea's stains,
 While all my handmaids marvelled at the grace
 And beauty of this poor waif of the deep.
 Then greatly moved, I earnestly bespake them,
 "Not without will of all the Gods who hold
 Olympus, to Phœacia came this man,
 For, whereas erst he seemed uncomely, now
 Like to the Gods who hold broad Heaven is he;
 May such be called my husband, dwelling here,
 Where it may please him to abide with me."—
 Not in our time that day shall be forgot
 When—a poor suppliant in my father's halls—
 The tale of Troy our blind old minstrel sang
 Wrung from the stranger no unmanly tears.
 Erect he stood, and flung aside disguise,
 Confest a hero and born king of men.
 Then, day by day, fell from his honeyed lips
 The wondrous story of his full, brave life,
 While, spell-bound, all our dull Phœacian youth,
 And my dull bridegroom with them, stood agape.
 Then came the bitter time, so long delayed,
 When from our noble guest we needs must part;
 Few were my farewell words, and his as few.
 Before the portal of my father's house
 I stood and said, "Farewell! And think of me
 When thou returnest to thy native land,
 As of one unto whom thy life thou owest."
 Then, as one deeply stirred, these words he breathed
 "Nausicaa, should Zeus and Hera grant
 That I once more should see my island home,
 Daily as to a Goddess, will I pay
 My vows to thee, for thou, girl, gav'st me life."—
 Did the man love me then? Ah me! I know not.
 It were unworthy of a great king's child,

Yes ! most unworthy of a modest maid,
To show my liking for a parting guest ;
Phœacia's daughters are not wont to woo.
So, without further speech, he sailed away.
But yet, at times, I think the stranger loved me,
And, all those years, no day has glided by
But I have seaward cast my longing eyes,
If I might o'er the waves perchance descry
His white sails swollen by the eastern breeze.
In all these years no tidings yet have sped
From the broad outer world to this lone isle,
Girt by the main as by an iron band.
And day by day my home-bred suitor came,
Wooing me with his rough Phœacian speech,
Not like that other's whose clear accents fell
As the smooth rippling of a full-fed stream.
And, as I still delayed, my handmaids said,
" The youth is comely, princess why delay ? "
And my grey mother spake in mild rebuke,
" Daughter, why let the glory of thy youth
Slip idly by ? Long hath the patient youth
Stood by, expectant ; make him happy now."
Then last of all, my sire, in weighty words,
Told me it was not well a girl of his
Should lack a guardian when her sire was gone,
For his own thread of life was nearly spun—
And so at last I yielded. Well I wist
That other one would come back nevermore,
And that I had but fed me on a dream.

William Hodgson.

CXLIV.

Pan.

DOWN a west-sloping valley, by a pool
 O'er-gilded by the dying summer day,
 Piping alone among the sighing reeds,
 Mourning for Syrinx by the water-side,
 Sat Pan, alone; soft on the evening breeze,
 His low-blown music fluted down the vale.
 The trees, the rocks, all Nature heard the sound,
 And guessed the words he dare not speak aloud.

“ O, cruel nymph, why didst thou flee from me,
 Who loved thee with the love thou didst not know,
 Who love thee still, though thou art gone from me?
 Long did I seek thee through the dark, sweet shades
 Where hidden violets, in this ancient wood,
 With sweet, fresh fragrance fill the dewy air,
 Till, last, I found thee in the mournful reeds
 That shiver coldly round this woodland pool.
 And now I sit alone among those reeds,
 And think of thee departed.”

“ Here the strains
 Ceased, and the last notes floated down the vale
 Towards the pale-green west, and fresher blew,
 Athwart the fragrance of that ancient wood,
 The evening breeze, and stirred the hollow reeds,
 Making a rustling whisper through the air—
 Lost Syrinx’s voice—“ I prayed unto the Gods
 To save me, and they saved me,” and again
 “ Farewell.” At this uprose the woodland god
 And passed away among the shadowy glades
 Down to the western plain. And the pale light
 Died in the west, and night fell on the pool.

Tremayne M. Curnow.

CXLV.

The Hosts of Sleep.

Out of a gold and purple dreamland streaming,
The dark-eyed troops of sleep come swift and silent,
Fling from their thin hands drowsy influences,
Marching to take
The battled burg of Freewill.

The unleashed thoughts run gamesome in the country,
Each racing other, playing, singing, dancing ;
Some feebly tilling tangled plots of woodland,
Dark, remote,
Far out from the city.

Some work so hard, and others play so madly,
They do not hear the rustle and the whisper
Of the dark forces stronging out of dreamland,
Silent, swift,
Breathing scouts before them.

Some are taken, flooded by the vast wave—
Half-thought thoughts, forgotten in the morning,
Workers or players, singers blythe and dancers,
Prone, cold,
Motionless for ever.

Some catch a distant warning of the army,
And flee swiftly, scurry to the city ;
Safe till to-morrow, safe within the ramparts ;
Loud, shrill,
The clarions bawl the warning.

The gates are closed, Freewill stands erect, firm;
 Back to the dimly-wooded far horizon •
 Ebb the dark masses, melting into distance;
 Back, back,
 Streams the host of darkness.

The sentries doze, careless run the young thoughts, •
 Out again, out, to the empty country,
 Panting in their play, in their mazy dances,
 Light, free,
 Far from sleep and silence.

Full five times the great host streams up silent,
 Laps up the young thoughts, buries them in darkness;
 But the alarm twists upward from the fortress,
 Lank, shrill,
 Before they reach the ramparts.

Then all the sentries, weary with long watching,
 Hug the propt spear, blink and nod and murmur,
 And the last thought, swiftly racing homeward,
 Trips, falls,
 Close beside the drawbridge.

Silently and grimly stalk the troops of dreamland;
 There is no alarm; they swarm upon the high walls,
 Take the hushed city, brood upon it darkly,
 Down, down,
 Sinks the flag of Freewill.

They hang, like crape before the face of mourners,
 Blurring, dimming the features of the city,
 The burghers, kingless, they lead in dance fantastic,
 Sleep, armed sleep,
 Holds the walls till morning.

Arnold Wall.

CXLVI.

The Land of My Desire.

A WILD sea-rover, lined and gray,
To me long since a story told,
Of meadows far and far away
That blossom into flowers of gold ;

Of streams that were long lullabies
For ever flowing thro' the vales,
Kissed by a low and loving wind
To music like the Nightingale's.

And I who listened, felt the spell
Take hold of manhood on its throne,
And, careless then of Heaven or Hell,
Took ship unto the vast Unknown.

The morning set the sails afire
With flames that kindled all my blood,
As to the Land of my Desire
I steered across a foaming flood.

Day after day the Sun did turn
From East to West, from sea to sea,
Night after night the Stars did burn
Above the Ocean's minstrelsy.

And like a far mirage I seemed
To see fair woman-faces shine
Where the great moon-washed spaces gleamed
On league and rolling league of brine.

At times a wayward kiss I quaffed •
 From some sea-nymph beside thy barque,
 But as in very joy I laughed
 The Stars forsook me, in the dark.

One day on the horizon spread,
 Like some long cloud surprised in sleep,
 I saw an Island lift its head
 A little way above the deep.

And there, in the cool shadow-time
 I landed, weary of the Sea,
 While maidens of the sunny clime
 Gave draught on draught of Love to me.

And when I laid me down to rest
 Tired of the dance, the feast and wine,
 And full red lips too closely pressed,
 Too often and too hot, on mine ;

One woke me in the night and said—
 “ Receive the crown that thou hast won,”
 And placing it upon my head
 She called me her “ belovéd one.”

And there I saw a harlot stand,
 The lustre dead in eyes and hair,
 Alone with me upon the land
 Of my Desire, and . . . my Despair.

D. M. Ross.

CXLVII.

Night Island.

ROCKING upon the spectral sea
A shallop swims awaiting me,
Boat of the Fay;
Frail is the crescent, hollowed thin;
Rapt in a dream I sit therein
And speed away.

Silent the midnight; light the fleece
Adrift across the moon of peace;
The air is suave;
In quivering, glancing, broken bars,
The trembling silver of the stars
Floats on the wave.

No foam is cleft beneath the prow,
No tinkling ripple taps the bow,
No whitening wake
The magic keel of ivory shows,
That swerves not left or right but knows
The way to take.

Fast, o'er the foamless, silent sea
The wistful boat skims eagerly
Till pale shores rise,
A coast where rings no pilot's hail.
And there, in deeps no seamen sail,
Night Island lies.

At first, one cloudy dome, but soon
Flecked like the circle of the moon
With shadowy shapes,

White slender cones, volcanoes sleep,
 Piercing dark clouds whose masses sleep
 O'er tree-clad capes.

Forth wafted over the dim flood
 The odours of the enchanted wood
 Fresh earth-scents bear ;
 Flowers of starlight, wizard dews,
 Scents of the mould and leaf, confuse
 The clean, salt air.

Is that the echo of the surge
 Caught in yon winding, deepening gorge ?
 Is that the voice
 Of yonder foam-pale waterfall,
 Of whose blown spray the tree-ferns tall
 Drink and rejoice ?

It is no stream's, no surge's wail,
 No night-voice of a mountain vale.

Lo,—swells the chant !
 A human strain is in my ears
 Of manhood's passion, wo·nan's tears,
 And dreams that haunt,

Dreams of the lost ideal, ruth
 For boyhood's faith and gallant truth
 And youth's brave will ;
 Then keenest joy, dear hopes and kind
 That thrill the heart, glad tears that blind
 Tired eyes,—and still,

Stayed by a spell the magic boat
 A bow-shot from the shore must float
 Nor touch the strand,

Though it can feel the ground-swell's might
 Lift and collect itself to smite
 The shelving sand.

Bound, as a dreamer bound in sleep,
 Held back, held fast upon the deep,
 The skiff must stay.
 Lost as a dream at morning's star
 The fairy isle, borne swift and far,
 Fades, fades away.

For never living man may reach
 Or leap upon Night Island's beach
 Howe'er he long,
 Though many a night in voyage vain
 He cross the visionary main
 • To hear that song.

William Lember Reeves.

CXLVIII.

Mutability.

HERE all is change, and life a deep unrest ;
 So say the waves that break upon the shore,
 The shifting sands that drift for evermore,
 The ever-moving crowd that seem possessed
 Of souls unquiet as the waves, but blest
 With heedlessness of all that lies before,
 For none may know what changes are in store ;
 We can but dream them on soft nature's breast.

Yet, 'neath the waves there dwells eternal calm:
 Delve deep the sand, and to the rock it brings:
 The inconstant crowd is voicesful of the soul,
 Which liveth alway, an unfading palm,
 Drawing its life from deep, divinest springs
 That shall not fail while stars and systems roll.

Henry Allison.

CXLIX.

The Deepest Yearning.

OUR life is more than meat. Deep in the Soul
 Springs Godlike, Godward yearning; ay, and we,
 Though earth-drawn, ever would rise, unstained and
 free,
 Above the clouds of sense that hide our goal.
 This wondrous frame of things is as a scroll
 Of mystic import, teaching us to see,
 Though vaguely, and through shrouds of mystery,
 The working of that power which moves the Whole.
 Not Science fair, though sought with purpose true,
 Nor Art, that all her wealth upon us spends,
 Can fill the soul. She can her strength renew
 Only with bread that from on high descends.
 She yearns for That to which all things are due—
 The Centre deep to which all Being tends.

Henry Allison.

CL.

Life's Vigil.

A MAN kept vigil by a lonely fire,
 Inscrutable the night on every side
 Hung round. The ruddy glow now almost died,
 Now, fanned by wandering winds, it flickered higher:
 The watcher tended it with ceaseless care,
 And ever as it waned he crept still higher,
 Till, weary and o'er-watched, he 'gan to tire;
 Then slept. He woke, and day was shining fair.

Even thus a vigil do all mortals keep
 Beside the fire of Life, whose fitful ray
 Is girt with night wherethro' no eyes may peep;
 We tend its flickering flame as best we may,
 Till weary grown we drowse, then fall asleep,
 And when we waken up we find 'tis Day.

C. J. O'Regan.

CLI.

To the Soul.

WHEN the unknown shall be known;
 When the unseen shall be seen;
 When thou art strong, and loud, and arisen,
 O Soul, within thy prison,
 And the old enchantments flown,
 And men's eyes clear and keen,

Till they see beyond the grave,—
 Till they pierce beneath the flesh,—
 Till the weaker at death no longer
 Are fain of the word of the stronger;—
 “ Be brave, my brother, be brave;
 Thy day beginneth afresh !”

When good is worn of all,
 Deemed priceless as though rare;
 When evil has lain forsaken,
 Thrown down long since untaken,
 Its strength become so small,
 It is not worth men’s wear;

When the body all work has done,
 And the mind all wisdom learnt,
 And found their labour and learning
 But as toil that brings no earning,
 In the face of the full fair sun
 But as needless lanterns burnt;

When thou, O Soul, art found
 Beneath thy lowly guise;
 When men have proclaimed thee royal,
 And to thee, and none other, loyal,
 Have made thy power to abound
 Till all alike are wise.

But this is not yet; and now
 The god lies bound in us;
 Still, searching the dusky portal
 Cloven through all things mortal,
 His white and prostrate brow
 We may discover thus.

Are we not each a lamp
 Of frail and earthen form,
 Wherèn a spark doth shelter
 Beyond the tempest's peltor,
 Lightening the chill and damp,
 Swinging through night and storm?

We know that clouded light
 Is as the light of stars,
 And though the bowl be broken,
 This is our sign and token,
 That flame by mutual might
 Shall climb their shining cars.

Frederick Napier Broome.

CLII.

Not Understood.

Not understood. We move along asunder,
 Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
 Along the years ; we marvel and we wonder
 Why life is life : and then we fall asleep,
 Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
 And hug them closer as the years go by,
 Till virtues often seem to us transgressions ;
 And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
 Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
 Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge ;
 The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould them.
 Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
 Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
 Are disregarded ; with self-satisfaction
 We judge our neighbours, and they often go.
 Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us !
 The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
 Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
 And on our souls there falls a freezing blight ;
 Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are aching
 For lack of sympathy ! Ah ! day by day,
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking !
 How many noble spirits pass away
 Not understood !

Oh, God ! that men would see a little clearer,
 Or judge less harshly where they cannot see ;
 Oh, God ! that men would draw a little nearer
 To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
 And understood.

Thomas Bracken.

CLIII.

The Answer of the Days.

I SOMETIMES turn from these dark days that be
 Backward unto the fair days once I knew—
 The far, fair days when all the world seemed true,
 Ere yet I learned that joy had wings to flee.
 “O Days,” I cry, “so wonderful and blue,
 Come back again; come back and bring to me
 The silent laughter and the vanished glee;
 Come back, dear days, I swear to cherish you !”

Then back on me with sad, reproachful eye
 Each old Day looks, and voices without sound
 Come from them : “ Mortal, cease that bootless cry ;
 We came to you bliss-laden, and we crowned
 Your soul with joys ; and after all we found
 You blest us not, but smiled to see us die.”

C. J. O'Regan.

CLIV.

A Parable of Fiddles.

SEEING we are as viols to His hand,
 I know not whether we should hope or fear
 That He should smite a music out of us,
 As out of Lear, or Goriot, or Satan—
 A tangled wisp of music as from bells
 Wind-swung and angry, or a comet-blaze
 Of hell-hot harmonies grown slowly cool.

All round His workshop we hang, drowsy, silent ;
 Will it be wild caprice, or deep design,
 Shall move His hand toward this brother or that,
 Toward you or me ?

Will He, like fierce old Saul,
 Meshed in a toil of cross desires and fears,
 Smooth out the ragged discord of His soul
 With some sweet elvish moonlight melody,
 As of a lost breeze in the elms of Heaven,
 Then break His instrument in ape-like fury,
 So that we shriek once and are still for ever ?

Or will He, toying with a single string,
 While we lie yet half-made, draw out crude trills,
 Mad turns and sweeps, and soulless tremolos,
 A hideous parody of music sweet,
 Then dash us to the floor as all unfit
 For airs divine and themes of Paradise ?

Or shall we meekly pray that we may hang
 Mellowing, peaceable, voiceless to the end,
 Gathering dust upon the workshop wall ?

Arnold Wall.

CL.V.

The House we Build at Last.

How small the house we build at last !
 How strangely altered is our pride ;
 One darkened room is all we ask,
 No garish light on any side ;
 One narrow bed for perfect rest,
 One bed—there is no other guest !

We build it safe, for use, not show
(All our vain fancies are outworn),
The roof is very plain and low,
We have no care for praise or scorn ;
We learn such perfect taste at last,
When all our vulgar pride is past !

We have no care of those who come,
No fear that they will smile or jest
At our small solitary home,
Or say that this, or that, were best ;
For in our city, each and all
Build very quietly and small.

We have no restless love for change,
No wish to climb, no fear to fall ;
No craving for the new or strange,
No rude, unseemly haste at all ;
We've learned the perfect grace of rest,
We've learned that silence is the best !

The storm may rave, the storm may cease,
Or kingdoms sink, or kingdoms rise ;
It never breaks our perfect peace,
Whate'er befalls beneath the skies ;
Our lowly house, and narrow land
Are safe from envy's cruel hand.

Ah, yes ! the home we build at last,
Is better far than all the rest,
What, though the vanity is past !
What, though we have no pleasant guest !
We have forgotten quite to weep,
And learned to be content with sleep.

Francis Sinclair.

CLVI.

Memento Mori.

THINK Thou, the Night shall come—
 And on thy drifting senses steal the clang
 Of Time's great gates behind thee, ere thou go
 Into the shadows of the dark beyond !
 Then with no terror, shalt thou slip thy hand
 In the great angel Death's—as in a friend's—
 And walk with him, barefooted, to the Dawn.

Amy Fowles.

CLVII.

Song from "The Poet-Worker."

BURY the brave man dead
 Where he fought and fell ;—
 Where the bubbling stream runs red
 In the narrow dell ;
 While tears of heartfelt sorrow rise
 To dim the rugged soldiers' eyes.

But the green grass will grow,
 After one sad year ;
 By the grave the stream will flow,
 Pure and bright and clear.
 And joy through all our grief will well,
 To think how true the man who fell.

And the long years will bring
 An unclouded fame;
 And unmixed joy will spring
 When men hear his name.
 Till every voice in pean high
 Has joined in the exultant cry—
 "The brave man's death is victory."

Charles C. Bowen.

CLVIII.

The Burial of Sir John McKenzie.

THEY played him home to the House of Stones,
 All the way, all the way,
 To his grave in the sound of the winter sea.
 The sky was dour, the sky was grey.
 They played him home with the chieftain's dirge
 Till the wail was wed to the rolling surge.
 They played him home with a sorrowful will
 To his grave at the foot of the Holy Hill;
 And the pipes went mourning all the way.

Strong hands that had struck for right
 All the day, all the day,
 Folded now in the dark of earth,—
 The veiled dawn of the upper way!
 Strong hands that struck with his
 From days that were to the day that is
 Carry him now from the house of woe
 To ride the way the Chief must go;
 And his peers went mourning all the way.

Son and brother at his right hand
 All the way, all the way!
 And O for them and O for her
 Who stayed within, the dowie day!
 Son and brother and near of kin
 Go out with the Chief who never comes in!
 And of all who loved him far and near
 'Twas the nearest most that held him dear;
 And his kin went mourning all the way.

The clan went on with the pipes before
 All the way, all the way;
 A wider clan than ever he knew
 Followed him home that dowie day.
 And who were they of the wider clan?—
 The landless man and the No Man's man,
 The man that lacked and the man unlearned,
 The man that lived but as he earned;
 And the clan went mourning all the way.

The heart of New Zealand went beside
 All the way, all the way,
 To the resting-place of her Highland Chief:
 Much she thought she could not say.
 He found her a land of many domains,
 Maiden forest and fallow plains:
 He left her a land of many homes,—
 The pearl of the world, where the sea-wind roams;
 And New Zealand went mourning all the way!

Jessie Mackay.

CLIX.

William Rolleston.

CLOSE his fair volume of true word and deed
 For the still hour when sorrow is alone
 With the beloved ; when the heart has grown
 Less poignant for his parting, we shall need
 His bland, sweet wisdom, sacrosanctest creed
 Of truth omnipotent above all throne,
 Or people, till the larger life be known
 Wherefor he scattered oft the earliest seed.
 Oh ! Godlike charity for the oppressed,
 Clear spirit looking to the border goal
 With eyes not politic, but shining far
 With the upspringing rectitude of soul,
 Be here with us, still striving, from thy rest,
 Forget not in the glory of a star !

Hubert Church.

CLX.

The Grey Company.

O THE grey, grey company
 Of the pallid dawn !
 O the ghostly faces,
 Ashen-like and drawn !
 The Lord's lone sentinels,
 Dotted down the years,
 The little grey company
 Before the pioneers !

Dreaming of Utopias
 Ere the time was ripe,
 They awoke to scorning,
 The jeering and the strife.
 Dreaming of millenniums
 In a world of wars,
 They awoke to shudder
 At a flaming Mars.

Never was a Luther
 But a Huss was first—
 A fountain unregarded
 In the primal thirst.
 Never was a Newton
 Crowned and honoured well
 But first alone, Galileo
 Wasted in a cell.

In each other's faces
 Look the pioneers;
 Drank the wine of courage
 All their battle years.
 For their weary sowing
 Through the world wide,
 Green they saw the harvest
 Ere the day they died.

But the grey, grey company
 Stood every man alone
 In the chilly dawnlight.
 Scarcely had they known
 Ere the day they perished,
 That their beacon-star
 Was not glint of marsh-light
 In the shadows far.

The brave white witnesses
 To the truth within
 Took the dart of folly,
 Took the jeer of sin;
 Crying, "Follow, follow,
 Back to Eden-gate!"
 They trod the Polar desert,
 Met a desert fate.

Be laurel to the victor,
 And roses to the fair,
 And asphodel Elysian
 Let the hero wear;
 But lay the maiden lilies
 Upon their narrow biers—
 The lone grey company
 Before the pioneers.

Jessie Mackay.

CLXI.

My Father.

He is old now,
 And Time and Care have long ago
 Covered his locks with winter's snow,
 And lined his brow.

His step is slow,
 Oft in his walk he stands to rest,
 With folded arms upon his breast,
 And head bent low.

His eyes are dim,
This world is fading from his sight,¹
But flower, and tree, and sun, and light,
Are naught to him.

The past is his,
And all day long his thoughts will roam,
And weave again in fancy's loom
Old memories.

At night I hear
His tottering footsteps cross the hall;
Slowly and solemnly they fall
Upon my ear.

Some night I know
That I shall list for them in vain,
That I shall never go again,
To kiss his brow.

Perchance e'en now
The Angel beckons him away,
And I, O God! would have him stay
With me below.

I cannot weep.
I watch him slipping from my side—
Gliding upon life's ebbing tide
To dreamless sleep.

But tears unshed
Scorch all the fibres of my heart.
There will be none to soothe the smart
When he is dead.

O God! I cry,
 Spare him to me! He is my all!
 Or bid thine Angel speed to call
 Me too, to die!

Annie Murgatroyd.

CLXII.

When the Sobbing is Over.

WHEN the sobbing is over, and Death
 Comes kissing and stealing thy breath,
 And the angel unlooseth the strings
 'Of the brain, and its window, the eyes
 (Where the soul, the great secret, hath lain),
 Thou shalt wonder with gladsome surprise.
 The secret of azuline gems,
 The wonder of world upon world,
 The secret of life and of joy,
 The wonder of star upon star,
 Where the beautiful shall be, and are;
 When Death cleaveth a pathway for Life
 Where the beautified shall be, and are!

When the sobbing is over, and Death
 Sets the seal of God on thy breath,
 And thy soul (the great secret) is free
 From the trouble and sorrow and sin,
 Thou shalt know all these beautiful things,
 In the shout that shall welcome thee in!
 The secret of bliss upon bliss—
 The "why" and the "therefore" of death,
 The secret of azuline gems,

The glory of meteor and star,
 Where the beautiful shall be, and are!
 Thou shalt know all the glories of life
 Where the beautified shall be, and are!

W. R. Wills.

CLXIII.

Living Water.

I AM a little desert pool, O Lord,
 The rains of God descend but rarely here;
 And barren sands surround me far and near,
 Save where a niggard circle of green sward
 Grows, not ungrateful for the moisture poured
 In rare and blessed hours of overflow.
 And this is all, alas, I have to show—
 So wide a waste, so small a precious hoard
 Of living water.—Yet thou art my source;
 I feel deep in my heart the sacred spring
 That sends the mighty rivers on their course.
 Let me be faithful to the impulse given,
 And though too weak to rise and flowing sing,
 Let me reflect the calm and shining heaven.

Mary E. Richmond.

CLXIV.

Mary.

FROM her childhood flitting fancies came,
Shapes of beauty, shapes of holy fear;
Gentle visions shining heavenly clear,
Ardent spirits formed of air and flame:

These made life a glory and a shame,
Held her blind to duties small and near,
Rapt beyond this rolling earthly sphere,
And her secret joys were chilled by blame.

But the Lord of Love, in human guise,
Read His lowly servant's troubled heart,
Met with sympathy her pleading eyes;

Saw the sorrow in her quiet face,
Who had chosen first the better part;
Bade them leave her listening in her place.

Mary E. Richmond.

CLXV.

A Little Prayer.

My days are Thine, O Lord, assign
To me a sphere of labour,
That I to Thee may faithful be
And mindful of my neighbour.

My sins forgive, and let me live
 A life more pure and holy,
 And if success my efforts bless,
 O! Lord, then keep me lowly.

Dower me with strength to tread the length
 Of life's dim highway yonder,
 More faith and grace to see Thy face
 Whene'er inclined to wander.

Give me a friend with whom to spend
 Life's golden hours in gladness,
 A comrade, who remaineth true,
 Alike in joy or sadness.

A little bread, a roof, a bed,
 And each new morn a blessing,
 Is all I ask from week to week—
 These wants I come confessing. Amen.

W. Francis Chambers.

CLXVI.

Constraint.

I HEARD a voice crying unto me,
 And I answered, "Yea, Lord."
 And it spoke again saying,
 "Knowest thou me?"
 And I answered, "Yea, Lord."
 And the voice spoke again, saying:
 "Upon those that know is laid the burden;
 Arise, shjne, for your light is come."

And I made answer, "O Lord, I am afraid."
 And the voice ceased.
 I rose up and turned away,
 Moving along the well-worn path
 To my own home.
 But the ground was all stained
 As with the steps of feet that bled;
 And I knew Who was before me,
 Knew the love and the sorrow;
 And fear fell from me like a garment,
 And I girt my robes about me,
 And fled after Him—whither I could not tell;
 Only it was the way that He had gone.

Mary E. Richmond.

CLXVII.

The Judgment.

To thunder-sounds last night I had a dream
 Of going up before God's Judgment Seat,
 Along a great and wide gold-paven street,
 And by the fount that feeds the crystal stream;
 On dome and turret the red lightning's gleam
 Made vengeful lights, and my reluctant feet
 Fain would have stayed where angels come and
 meet
 World-weary ones that Love and Death redeem..

No throng of spirits filled the Judgment Hall,
 No king in purple and in gold array,

But a pale shape that surely might appal,
 Seraph or demon, in a garment gry,
 Sate there to judge: 'Twas my own soul, and all
 The Heaven resounded with the Judgment Day.

D. M. Ross.

CLXVIII.

Jael.

BITTER in spirit was I, that I stood afar off from my nation,
 Counted as one with no portion or lot in her triumphs and sorrows,
 Joined to an alien in blood, who stooped to the rule of the stranger.

All day long had I heard the distant uproar of battle.
 Israel was striking for freedom; long time had she suffered in bondage,
 Waiting a sign from the Lord, at last came the hour of requital.
 Lonely I waited for tidings—no Israelite maiden or mother
 Brought her rejoicings and fears to share with the wife of the Kenite.
 Silence fell as the sun drew nigh to the end of his journey.
 Low he shone in the west, and dusk in the glare of the sunset
 Stretched like a shadowy finger the long dark shade of the palm-tree.

Then as I watched, expectant, I saw where, escaping from battle,

Came one alone and defenceless, fleeing away to the mountains,
Beating with fugitive feet the parched white dust of the roadway.
Stirred was my heart with womanly pity, and words of compassion
Leaped to my lips. "Behold the tent of a friend is before thee;
Faint are thy footsteps and weary; here rest, and be safe from pursuing."
Gladly he turned at my voice, and I knew as I looked on his features,
Sisera, leader and captain of those who had troubled my people!

Yet did I lead him within, refreshed him with milk at his asking,
Hid him in safety and watched, while he sank in the sleep of the weary.
Then while I gazed on the helpless and fugitive captain of thousands,
Vanquished and overthrown by Jehovah's victorious armies,
Came a stern thought to my mind, "Is it meet that, of all the most guilty,
This man escape from the slaughter, and flee to his master in safety?
May he find shelter and rest in the tent of an Israelite woman?
Here hath he come without fear, for my lord is at peace with his people—
Peace, saith my heart, what is peace, 'twixt a foe and a daughter of Israel!
Were not my kindred afar this hour might be slain the oppressor—
Had not this hammer and nail sufficed in the hand of a woman?"

Sternly I bent o'er his slumber; when, restless as 'warned
of a danger,
Dreaming of battle, he stirred, and moved as if to
awaken;
And in the sudden dismay, the horror and fear of his
waking—
Waking to read in my face the thought that had whitened
my forehead—
Swift the dark thought had become, in a moment, the
deed it foreshadowed.

Was it long that I stood, alone, while the sun in its
sinking
Shone like a blood-red sign, afar in the west, and the
sunshine
Changed to a crimson stain alike on the earth and the
heaven?
Darker the shadowy finger lay stretched away to the
eastward;
Motionless, silent I stood, and watched where it pointed,
and waited;
Watched till he came whom J^{eh}ovah had named to
deliver his people.
Then did I stay him with words strange spoken as words
of a vision,
“He whom thou seekest is here; and Israel has rest
from her burden.”

Listen! A voice in the meadows. The prophetess
Deborah singing;
Leading the chorus of maids who exult in the triumph of
Israel.
Hark, now they near us, and higher in triumph are lifting
their voices—
“Blessed for ever be Jael, the wife of Heber the
Kenite!”

Blessed for ever be Jael? Is it possible I can be blessed?
Am I a mother in Israel, a leader and sign for the people?
Am I not worthy? for mine is the hand that has slain the oppressor.
Mine is the hand. Yet a woman's: a hand that has tended an infant,
Succoured the needy full oft, and divided the food to the hungry.
Pitiful ever to weakness. A lamb that was lost from its mother
Oft have they brought from the field, half dead with the cold and the terror;
Such would I lovingly tend, till the innocent creature reviving,
Paid with its grateful caresses the hand that had snatched it from famine.
Such have I once been—but now—has tenderness left me for ever?
O ye maidens who sing and rejoice in the things that ye know not,
Heedless of bloodshed and ruin, the manifold horror of battle,
Praising the valour of men steeped red in the stain of the slaughter,
Name me no more in your song, for my spirit is burdened with sorrow!
Not for his death I repent me. He died for the peace of my people;
Rightly he perished; yet woe to the treacherous soul of the slayer!
She who, forgetful of faith, and the pitiful spirit of woman,
Stained with the blood of a guest the hearth in whose safety he trusted.

Yet to my country I offer this deed, and my country
accepts it:
Taking with joy from my hand her final release from
oppression.
Peace be henceforth in her ways, and quietness rest in
her borders.
Ever alone must I go, a sign, set apart among women;
Life overshadowed henceforth by the gloom of a bitter
remembrance;
Haunted through long dark nights by visions of death
ever present,
Haunted through long sad days by shuddering fear of the
sunset;
Yet can I say, "It is well." I live in the life of my
people.
Great are the ways of Jehovah, and Israel has rest from
her burden.

Mary Colborne-Veel.

CLXIX.

Prelude to "The Nazarene."

I WILL not have his human story dimmed
And shadowed over by his divinity.
He was of us, all human, brother, friend;
He strove, was vanquished, strove and won—a Man.

About his path no cloud of angels hung,
Legions and legions watching him; no hand
Lifted him up above his sufferings.
He walked not on the clouds, but here with us,
Living obscurely on this common earth

His common life. The sweat upon his brow
 Was bitter human sweat; the heart we pierced,
 A heart that long had learnt the lonely way
 That breaking hearts must go.

And at the end
 This is his chiefest glory—that he rose
 No higher than the cross we built for him!

That the world might know him as he was—
 The kindly teacher, the sweet, patient man,
 One of our human family, Mary's son!

I cannot know the Christ; the time is late,
 And he that walked among us, sore at heart,
 Has faded from us, merged into a God.

The sweet familiar Nazarene is lost
 Beneath the waving of fine priestly hands;
 His tender, troubled face looks dimly out
 Across the incense-smoke; I cannot hear
 His quiet tones beneath the breathless throb
 Of vast, sonorous organs; and the bruised
 And wounded body we would weep upon
 Is covered from our pitying gaze with stiff
 And costly vestments; he is buried deep
 In piles of carven stone, and lies forgotten
 Beneath the triumph of cloud-questing spires.

His simple kindness and frequent smile—
 The sweet humanity that was the Christ—
 Is frightened by the stillness and the awe,
 And drowned in the vast hush of solemn aisles.
 The light strays feebly through the rich-hued panes;
 I cannot recognize the Man who loved

The sun and all the simple sunny things.
 I put my hands out blindly for a breast.
 Of close, familiar comfort—and I feel
 The cold, smooth pavement and the carven stone!

And when among the long-dead centuries
 I seek the Man, I cannot see him clear;
 For he is hidden by a cloud of wings,
 Or blinds me, radiant, an effulgent God!

His body was not rapt in splendour up,
 But somewhere with us lies, his ashes sealed
 In some long-fallen tomb: not reft away,
 Somewhere they build up soil and seed and soul.
 Or somewhere they are blown about the world,
 Part of the green of grass, the blue of sky,
 Helping the herb—as all of us must help—
 Woven and mixed within all growing things.

O that the world might know him as he was—
 One of our human family, Mary's son!

Arthur H. Adams.

CLXX.

Nirvana.

“AT even it shall be light,”
 Thus spake the Christ to men.
 “Nay,” said Lord Buddha, “what
 Draws nigh the cosmic Night,

When the sun of Time is cooling, westing,
 Wearied souls would, like birds, be nesting;
 The eventide is the time for resting;
 Peace, not Knowledge, and Rest, not Light,
 Shall be yours in that solemn Night."

The Day hath many eyes;
 The Night, with sweet control,
 Blots from the placid soul
 Fear, Wonder, and Surmise.
 Full many splendours the Day concealeth;
 Millions of glories the Night revealeth—
 At Nature's altar the spirit kneeleth.
 Then hardly to feel, and not to know,
 Is sure surcease of woe.

We shall not be glad or afraid
 In the Night whither all must go;
 There shall neither be high nor low,
 Neither maker nor made;
 No man, no woman, no tribe, no nation,
 No heavenly crown, no hell's damnation,
 Only the Oneness of Creation;
 God and devil, brute, rock and tree
 Shall all be One, as we.

Then shall we taste true bliss—
 Neither to think nor to speak,
 Neither to know nor to seek,
 Conscious of only this—
 That all which Time once marred is mended,
 That Nature and we in one are blended,
 That Hate is conquered and Strife is ended,
 That nevermore is there worst or best—
 Only most perfect rest.

John Liddell Kelly.

CLXXI.

Penda to the Mercians.

A.D. 642.

Ho ! children of the forest, hark and hear !
 Let these my words be kindling to your hearts,
 As they are sparks and children of the flame
 That burns in me.

Out of the steaming South—
 A sweet and poisonous message comes to us ;
 We are to heave off all our ancient faith,
 Yea ! drown our high gods in the barren sea,
 Because a mild man lived and taught and died,
 Far, far away, six hundred years ago.
 Hear me, my brothers ! bloody war, I say,
 Against these women-men, these willow-wands,
 These Christians ; hearken ! let us up and fight
 For red-haired Thor the Strong, and Father Odin !
 Open the nostril wide ; smell the wet woods !
 Be ye as boars in fight, as rutting stags !
 Remember Hatfield—all our woodland life,
 Our free life of the forest, heath and wold,
 Dies with this new faith : up ! be men, be boars !
 Redden your white tusks in their craven blood
 That would unman the Mercian ; bloody war ! •
 Ho ! let the flashing of your eyes be red,
 Red as the flaring beard of thirsty Thor.
 Let us make fat our land with Christian blood !
 Humility ! Love ! yes, I have heard their message ;
 Worship we him who splits the giants' skulls
 With his great hammer and his heavy fists ;
 Worship we him who makes the sea to rear
 His crested spine against the arch of heaven,
 And rides upon the wind, his eight-hoofed steed,

Sliding from end to end of earth with ease.
 Love! we will love our women and our homes,
 And spurn our enemy into darkest hell.
 He loved no home, no woman, poor white Christ!
 Up, men; up, brothers; put your wolf-hood on
 As I do, and lay low these Christian lambs;
 We are strong oaks and elms, and they are osiers;
 We are as oak, boar, stag,—all wild strong things;
 Strength let us worship; let us not bow down
 Before our enemy as cowards, hares,
 And call it high humility, Christian meekness,
 And hope for gold crowns in another world,
 Being not men enough to win them here!
 Hew ye like madmen for free life, free strength,
 Home, wife and children; death to Christ and shame!
 Men of the primal heath and flood be we,
 Heathen for ever, glory in that name!

Arnold Wall.

CLXXII.

A Temple Service.

(Ordained in Israel after the deliverance from Moab.)

PRIESTS.

THE days were drawn towards the sun,
 Kissed every one,
 By lips red-ripe with summer sweet,
 From brow to feet.

Dawn's cold pale forehead with the black
 Night-hair pushed back,
 Flushed feet of eve, that walk the west,
 Were caught and pressed.

PEOPLE.

*Yet ere the months had failed of flower,
 Their branch of time
 Grew heavy with a ripening hour,
 God's plant of prime.*

*More precious than the whitening wheat,
 Or swollen fig;
 Sweeter than palm fruit peeled to eat,
 Or grapes grown big.*

PRIESTS.

Made-music for the harps we string,
 The silver ring
 Of beaten cymbals which we raise
 On feasting days,

And on the lips of sweetest singers,
 Between the fingers
 Of those that pluck at silver wires
 Of writhen lyres.

PEOPLE.

*A psalm upon the psalteries,
 On shawms a song,
 Upon the horns great harmonies,
 Blown loud and long;*

*A writing for the scrolls of scribes,
The brazen gates
That tell the triumphs of the tribes
On brazen plates.*

PRIESTS.

*Wherfore the heavy hearts and sad
Be grown all glad,
And rainbow light in eyes yet rimmed
By grief that dimmed.*

*Wherfore the mouth by mourning mute,
The feeble foot,
Hath joy in it as meat and bread,
Is strong of tread.*

PEOPLE.

*In garden ground the summer burns,
Not yet grown old,
And on the corn whose colour turns
From green to gold;*

*But harvest men, before they make
The sickle sharp,
Go up to keep the day's sweet sake
With heart and harp.*

PRIESTS.

*It falls within the twofold time :
The youngest prime
Of fruit, the latest looks of flowers,
Are on its hours.*

And blossoms sweet through loosening leaves,
 And early sheaves,
 Green gathered from the growing wheat,
 Are offerings meet.

PEOPLE.

*To lift up the slant scale of sin,
 And weigh at last
 With righteous recompense cast in,
 Present with past,*

*The pleasant paths beneath our feet
 Were broken up ;
 We tasted through the foam of sweet,
 A bitter cup.*

PRIESTS.

“ Because your hearts are waxen dead,”
 The Lord God said,
 “ And in your ears my name sounds cold,
 My name of old,

“ I lift a sword upon the land ;
 A heavy hand
 Between you and your sins falls keen
 To scourge you clean.”

PEOPLE.

*Was it so sweet from God to hide
 In garden ways,
 The women large-lipped and long-eyed,
 What was their face ?*

• *Were they so gracious in their groves,
The lords of stone,
Or were their damsels dear with loves
Beyond our own?*

PRIESTS.

*The well-graved images which ye
Were pleased to see,
Deeming gods, clear of face and fair
Of form, were there;*

*Gods gazed upon and drawn so near,
Who could not hear,
Were they as He unseen and far
In whom we are?*

PEOPLE.

*The wanton women scorning stealth,
Their lust confessed,
Spendthrift of red coin and white wealth,
Of mouth and breast;*

*Soft sin-flowers leaving poison pods
For bitter birth,
Ungirdled girls and garden-gods,
Were they well worth?*

PRIESTS.

*Yea, what were all light-clothen charms,
And stretched-out arms,
By the pure hearts from out you failed,
Your virgins veiled?*

A TEMPLE SERVICE.

The flowery rods at first that beat
 So light and sweet, o o
 Their flowers fell off from them yet fresh,
 Thorns tore the flesh.

PEOPLE.

“Our gods are great,” the false priests said;
 “For their fierce joys
 The fire must glow about the head
 Of girls and boys.”

Prone 'neath their women's soft queen-hood,
 Their lord's kingship
 Smote off the silken servitude
 With bloody whip.

PRIESTS.

“Have ye a garland for your head?”
 The wise God said.
 “Lo! here a fetter for your feet,
 It is but meet.

“For strangers ye My laws forsake,
 Their yokes to take;
 Think ye to choose the light and small
 Nor wear them all?”

PEOPLE.

Our hosts were broken in the wars,
 And faint of heart
 Fled home, and from his shut house-doors
 None durst depart.

*Then were we aliens in our streets
 And father's fields,
 Dogs to be glad of morsel meats
 A master yields.*

PRIESTS.

*Their captains chose them slaves at will
 To toil and till,
 And princes for their serving-men,
 By five and ten.*

*And spoused maidens for their bed,
 Cast out unwed
 To be the sport of lewd women,
 And mock of men.*

PEOPLE.

*And so the time went heavily
 For years eighteen,
 And God's face, which we sought to see,
 It was not seen.*

*The seasons moved from frost to flower,
 From flower to fruit,
 But all the echoes of their power
 Were lost and mute.*

PRIESTS.

*But He who sits above the years
 He told our tears;
 He who before did count our crime
 In His good time,*

From where He ruled, ordained a deed,
 To help our need,
 And show the heathen, Israel
 Was yet loved well.

PEOPLE.

*Under their king, even where he sat,
 Girt round with sin,
 As with a garment, foul and fat,
 Without, within.*

*There, in his builded pleasant place,
 His windowed room,
 That curtained out the summer days,
 Was sent a doom.*

PRIESTS.

*A secret message from the Lord,—
 Was not the sword
 Of swift Ehud the pen of it?
 The scribe was fit.*

*He wrote it where it might be read,
 Wrote it and fled;
 We kept the fords and slew them, till
 None were to kill.*

PEOPLE.

*A day among the days is thus
 A feast; there is
 A man of all the tribes o'er us
 A judge for this.*

*The day with service comes and parts,
 And sacrifice;
And in his hand are all our hearts
 Held sceptre-wise.*

Frederick Napier Broome.

CLXXIII.

L'Envoi.

So over, all over: the whistle peals "Time!"
The field lies bare to the last of the light.
Too late to tell what you might have done;
The goal is kicked, and a stronger has won.
To you is only the glow of the fight;
To you is only the soreness and grime.

What matter, so long as you played the game?
What matter, provided you filled your place,
And took the fall, the kick, the blow,
And tackled the foeman clean and low—
Blind sun in your eyes, wet wind in your face—
What matter, so met ye the luck as it came?

Seaforth Mackensie.

NOTES.

To One in England (p. 2).—*Ngaio*: a handsome native shrub or small tree, with glossy leaves and pink spotted flowers.

The Night-watch of the "Charlotte Jane" (p. 4).—The *Charlotte Jane* was one of the four ships which brought the first emigrants to Canterbury. The author of the poem was the first Superintendent of the Province, and virtually the first Premier of New Zealand.

The Battle of the Free (p. 8).—These spirited verses, which have since proved prophetic, were written at the time of the Crimean war.

Emigrat (p. 14).—*Ratas*: there are several species of rata, some of them being climbers, and others erect trees. Several of the varieties are remarkable for their brilliant scarlet blossoms.—*Kohukai* (yellow): an acacia-like tree whose profusion of pendulous golden flowers gives it a striking beauty. There is also a scarlet kowhai.

For Love of Appin (p. 17).—The people of Appin, evicted and deported to America in the eighteenth century, wailed and sang "Lochaber no more" long after they put out to sea. It is said that the elder men never smiled again, lest they should be thought disloyal to Scotland.

The Dwellings of our Dead (p. 19).—*Tui*: the tui, sometimes called the mocking-bird, and also known as the parson bird from the little tuft of white feathers that sticks out from its throat, contrasting with its dark plumage, is a bird larger and more shapely than the blackbird. "Its plumage," says one vivid writer, "is lustrous black, irradiated with green hues, and pencilled with silver grey, and it displays a white throat-tuft for its clerical bands. It can sing, but seldom

will, and it preserves its voice for mocking others. Darting through some low scrub to the topmost twig of the tallest tree, it commences roaring forth a variety of strange notes, with such changes of voice and volume of tone as to claim the instant attention of the forest." *Toi*: a New Zealand pampas grass. *Bush*: the name always given to the New Zealand forest.

A Leave-taking (p. 26).—*Bell-bird* (or *Mako-mako*): the beauty of the bell-bird's song delighted Captain Cook, who heard it when his ship was lying about a quarter of a mile from the shore. "And in the morning," he says, "we were awakened by the singing of the birds. The number was incredible, and they seemed to strain their throats in emulation of each other. This wild melody was infinitely superior to any that we have ever heard, of the same kind; it seemed to be like small bells, most exquisitely tuned; and perhaps the distance and the water between might be no small advantage to the sound."

In London (p. 33).—*Weka*: the flightless native woodhen.

A New Zealand Picture (p. 48).—*Otaki*: a river in the North Island flowing into Cook Strait.

Fairyland (p. 49).—*Parson bird* (or *tui*): see note on "The Dwellings of our Dead" (p. 19).

In the Moonlight (p. 65).—"The traps are out on the hills to-night" (and next poem): the reference is to the rabbit-killing. The rabbit, introduced into New Zealand for purposes of sport, is now chiefly a pest. The export of skins, however, forms one of the minor industries of the country.

Arlington (p. 70).—*Cockatoos*: small runholders.

The Old Place (p. 72).—*Tauhinu*: an aromatic shrub infesting poor soil.—*Karaka*: a bush tree with shining dark-green foliage.

The Whare (p. 74).—*Whare*: Maori name for a house or shelter.

The Blind, Obedient Dead (p. 79).—A curious memorial of the Boer war is recorded from Surrey. At Burstow, in that county, a drinking trough and fountain have been erected

by a local personage in memory of four hundred thousand horses killed and wounded during the South African war, from 1899 to 1902, "in a cause of which they knew nothing."
--Daily Paper.

The Mountain Spirit (p. 96).—*Aorangi* (cloud-piercer) is the Maori name of Mount Cook, in the Southern Alps, the highest peak in New Zealand.—*Kea*: a native bird of the parrot family.

Onawe (p. 97).—*Onawe* is a small peninsula in Akaroa harbour, which was fortified by the Maoris of Canterbury for their last stand against the terrible North Island chief, Te Rauparaha, early in the last century. The fortress, which appeared almost impregnable, was captured by a stratagem, and a fearful slaughter took place. *Onawe* had previously been held sacred as the home of the spirit (or *atua*) of the wind, who took his flight from the place, and prophesied the downfall of the Southern Maoris, in revenge for the sacrilegious discharge of a musket near his immemorial abode.—*Pakeha*: white man, stranger.—*Haka*: war-dance.—*Rangitiras*: chieftains.—*Tenakor*: a word of greeting.

The Four Queens (p. 102).—*Eden*: Mount Eden, one of the chief suburbs of Auckland.

The River Avon (p. 104).—The Avon is the river on which Christchurch stands. It was really named after a Scottish stream by the Deans brothers, who settled near its banks about ten years before the arrival of the main body of Canterbury colonists.

The City from the Hills (p. 108).—Christchurch, which is also referred to in the following poem.

Te Raupo (p. 114).—The raupo, or New Zealand bulrush.—*Kakino*: treacherous.

To the Makomako (p. 120).—See note to "A Leave-taking."

Tress and the Kukupa (p. 122).—*Kukupa*: wood-pigeon.

The Coming of Te Rauparaha (p. 127).—*Te Rauparaha*, sometimes not unflirtly called the Maori Napoleon, was the chief of the Ngatitua tribe, in the southern part of the North Island. Arming his followers with muskets, he seized and

fortified the island of Kapiti, whence he made daring incursions against the tribes of the mainland. The strong pah of Kaiapohia, in Canterbury, having incurred his hostility, he led an expedition against it, in about the year 1829, and took the fortress after a six months' siege. The remnant of the Canterbury Maoris who remained to oppose him were defeated at Onawe, as narrated in the note to "Onawe" (p. 257). Subsequently Te Rauparaha was the constant terror of the first settlers at Wellington. His son became a zealous missionary to the tribes the father had devastated.—*Napu*, sub-tribe. *Mere*, a stone clubs *Pah*, fortified village. *Mana*, prestige, reputation. *Te Reinga*, the "leaping place" of souls; at the extreme north of New Zealand, whence they entered into the lower world.

The March of Te Rauparaha (p. 133).—*Kapai*, a word of approbation.

Te Heuheu's Death Song (p. 140).—This typical "waiata," or wailing song, was composed and chanted in the old days by the great chief, Te Heuheu Tukino, on the occasion of the death of his father, a chief and priest of great mana. The mourner compares the departed chief to a "kokomako," or bell-bird, which in the old heathen days was occasionally killed and placed on a sacrificial altar as a propitiatory offering to the gods. The Maori version was communicated to the translator by the composer's descendant, the present chief Te Heuheu Tukino, who observes of it: "A sacred thing this, for the wailing parties of chiefs only."

The Noosing of the Sun-God (p. 142).—One old Maori tradition says that Maui, one of the demi-gods, when he strove to bind the swift-rushing Sun, could not prevail till he made a rope of his sister Ina's hair.—*Tiraha*, *Te Ra*, Slower, O Sun. *Rangi*, the sky. *Po*, the Maori underworld. *Eyes of the Kings*, the Maoris believed that on the death of very famous chiefs their eyes became stars.

Sir George Grey (p. 197).—Sir George Grey was Governor of New Zealand for terms of several years immediately before and after his governorship of Cape Colony. At a later period he was Superintendent of the province of Auckland, one of the representatives of Auckland city in Parliament, and for two years Premier of the colony.

Nausicaa (p. 203).—*Nausicaa* was the daughter of Alcinous, King of Phœacia, an island in the Ionian Sea. She first met Ulysses, who had been shipwrecked on the shores of the island, while she was busy with her maidens washing her father's garments by the sea.—*Bridegroom*, according to Aristotle this was Telemachus, son of Ulysses.

The Burial of Sir John McKenzie (p. 225).—*John McKenzie*, a typical Highland shepherd who emigrated to Otago in 1800, was for some years Minister of Lands, and is chiefly remembered for his lands for settlement policy, referred to in the poem.

④
William Rolleston (p. 227).—*William Rolleston*, born in 1831, was a member of a Commission which framed the educational system of Canterbury. Afterwards he was for eight years Superintendent of that province, and he also held various portfolios in different colonial governments.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF MAORI WORDS.

Every vowel in Maori words is pronounced separately (*whare*, *Petone*), and receives the same quality as in Italian. The stress usually falls on the first and alternate syllables. (But *Rauparaha* is accented on the first and final syllables.) *Ny* is nasal. Final vowels are sometimes voiceless.

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